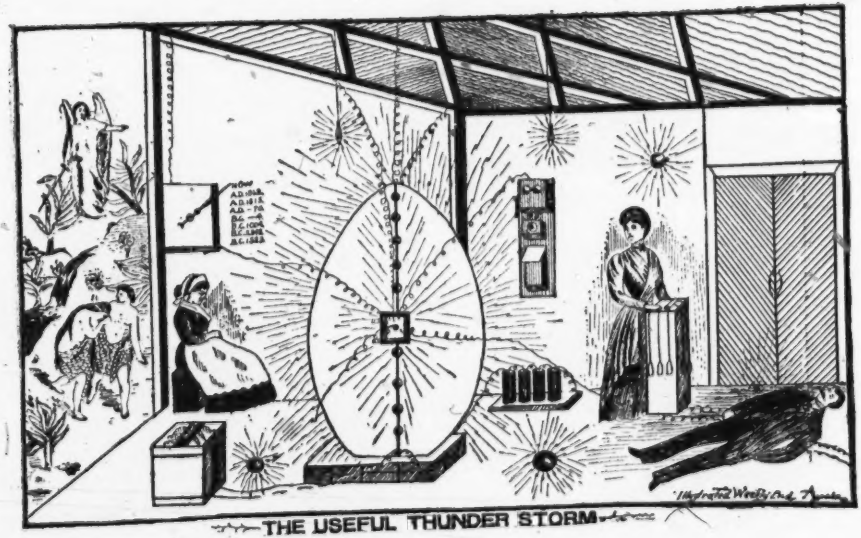


THE USEFUL THUNDER STORM

IT MIGHT BE.

A STORY OF THE FUTURE PROGRESS OF THE SCIENCES, THE WONDERFUL ADVANCEMENT IN THE METHODS OF GOVERNMENT AND THE HAPPY STATE OF THE PEOPLE.

BY

H. E. SWAN.

1896:
H. E. SWAN,
STAFFORD, KANSAS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1893
by
HERBERT E. SWAN,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

PRESS OF . . . .
C. B WOODWARD
PTG. & BOOK MFG. CO,
ST. LOUIS, MO. . . .

Utopia
1372

PREFACE.

THIS volume—IT MIGHT BE—is intended to suggest what we believe would be successful remedies to some of the evils now facing the people of our land. While suggesting remedies to these evils, it is trying to picture the wonderful growth which the sciences would inevitably take were they freed from the embarrassing position in which they are now placed—that is, surrounded by the great questions connected with the struggles of life. While some of the pictures may be wide of the mark, yet we do not believe that, if the absolutely true representations of the near future were shown up, or could be drawn, our picture would then look visionary or too highly colored.

The hope of the author is that some one may come forth from the great mass of humanity who shall be able to lead the Nation to a higher and more successful mode of conducting its affairs, and that this book may teach some one, and, teaching him, cause him to feel more and more the brotherhood of the race, and, feeling more of this common humanity, may be led to help more in the great struggles now being made by these millions for a surer, happier mode of living.

THE AUTHOR.

STAFFORD, KANSAS,
JANUARY, 1896.

CHAPTER I.

"Look in my face; my name is It-Might-Be;
Unto thine ear I hold the dead-sea shell,
Of ultimate things unuttered the frail screen.
Mark me, how still I am? But should there dart
One moment through thy soul the soft surprise
Of that winged Peace, which lulls the breath of sighs,
Then shalt thou see me smile."—*Rossetti.*

"Hark, what sound is that, Doctor?"

The two men suddenly stopped. They were at the side of a great bowlder, which seemed lately to have rolled down from the heights above, and to have lodged at the roots of a great tree, which had been blown down by some storm in the now long ago, tearing up an embankment of earth five or six feet high, and into the basin thus left in the mountain's side this massive bowlder had fallen. As they paused and looked around them, they noticed that there were great tracks down the side of the mountain, which had been made by the awful plunge of some overhanging rock as it rushed down to the valley below, tearing the trees and bushes from their ancient resting place in its downward plunge and scattering the brush here and there, tearing great holes in the ground as it leaped from cliff to cliff. After looking sharply about for a few moments and listening intently, the doctor replied:

"It is the moan of some man or beast in great pain. But, Elverton, what means this great confusion, and what power has loosed those mighty rocks and sent them plunging to the valley yonder? I did not notice this strange appearance until now, I was so excited in my search for that deer you wounded down there."

"'Tis strange, very strange, Doctor. You see that the trees are not injured, except where some rock has crashed into them. Had this been caused by some great storm, the other trees and bushes would show its effects as well; and up there where those rocks came from no cyclone or such storm ever reaches. It is above the limit of such storms."

"Listen," said the doctor, as again a low, murmuring sound broke the stillness of the mountain forest. They soon discovered that the strange sound proceeded from an opening at the bottom of the rock, against which they were leaning. Upon a closer examination they found that there was an opening into the mountain's side, which the rock had nearly closed when it found its resting place here a few days before. No time was lost in securing a small sapling, for, said the doctor, "I believe there is something imprisoned down there under that rock which is the cause of this queer noise." The sapling was used as a lever to remove the rock, which was accomplished after much puffing, grunting and some lifting; but once loosened, it plunged away down into the valley beneath, exposing by its removal a small opening which extended downward into the mountain as far as they could see. That he might the better hear the sounds which came from the mountain, the doctor placed his head as far down as he could into the cavity. He was soon so excited by what he heard that Elverton thought he was going to fall down, so he caught hold of his feet and pulled him back, when the doctor looked up. Elverton looked into a face whose meaning he could not read, but upon which was a look of extreme terror. The eyes protruded, the face was whitened and the body trembled in every nerve.

He did not speak, but quickly pointed to the opening in the ground. After looking at the frightened doctor for a few moments and getting as a reply to his questions but the pointing finger, he lay down upon the ground and placed his head within the opening, the doctor taking the precaution to take hold of his feet. For some moments he lay there and then slowly arose. His looks had greatly changed. No man ever wore an expression of more surprise and astonishment than did Elverton, as he arose to his feet. It was some time before he could speak, and then, in a voice whose trembling plainly expressed his surprise and wonder, he said:

"Why, Doctor, I never heard such sounds in my life before. Where does it come from and what does it mean? Such music as only the angels in heaven could make, then those awful shrieks, then that terrible crashing, as if the very suns of the universe were falling together in mighty battle. Who can it be shut up in this old mountain, or have we suddenly dropped to some other world never before dreamed of? Can it be that within the bosom of this mighty mountain there is a speaking tube reaching up and drinking in the songs of the shining seraphs on the golden shore, and one reaching down to the lower world and transmitting the wails and shrieks of the lost? Tell me, Doctor, what does it mean?"

"Mean? Why, I have not the slightest idea," he answered. "Hold me and I'll listen again."

He again laid down upon the ground, but this time upon his side, and, with his arm extended across the opening, he grasped the roots of the tree and lowered his head within the hole. For the next few moments his face was a study to behold; now lit up with a smile and

ecstacy of delight, then set and firm as if in deep thought; then tightly drawn, as if his heart strings were being broken with some great grief; tears started to his eyes, only to be dried in a few moments, as a look of awe spread over his countenance. The sounds soon ceased, and after he had waited some time for their return, but without success, he slowly and reluctantly arose, saying, as he did so:

"Can it be that some new tribe of beings are at home down there and are engaged in deadly combat? I wish we had a rope and lantern. I would like to go down and explore that mystery. I suppose it must be an opening into a mammoth cave, and I would like to explore it."

While they were talking, a momentary shadow flitted past them, as if caused by some slowly passing bird, and they both looked up, but could not at first see the cause thereof; but a scream of an eagle higher up the mountain soon explained the appearance of the shadow. As they were about to turn their gaze back to the ground, Elverton caught the glimpse of a shining object, far up above the mountain top, and, pointing his finger in the direction thereof, called the doctor's attention thereto, saying:

"What's that up there, Doctor? Looks like a meteor or comet, yet too steady for a meteor and not far enough off for a comet."

The doctor looked up and saw only a very bright light, yet it came from far away up beyond where the clouds ever attain, or eagle wing could find air dense enough to buoy it up. Its size they could not tell, for they had no way of telling how far away it was. It seemed to be stationary and shown with a light reflected from the sun, intensified by its own dazzling brilliancy,

and glistened like a star of the first magnitude shining in a clear midnight sky.

"I don't know what that thing is, Elverton, and I am getting a little anxious to get away from here, for it begins to seem a little uncanny to me. What say you about going down into that valley, where we can talk over these things—"

They were still looking at the bright object above the mountain, when they noticed that it suddenly began to shine brighter than ever and seemed to wave about and tremble. At the same time they began to feel a strange oppression of the air about them. The leaves on the trees began to flutter, and yet not a breath of air was stirring. The two men slowly sank to the ground, where they lay and panted for breath, not being able to move about and hardly to think or breathe. The mountain trembled; a few stray rocks were loosed from their resting places and rolled past them down the mountain. The air seemed to be on fire, and cracked and popped like breaking twigs; the rain began to fall, yet not a cloud could be seen. There were a few blinding flashes of lightning, followed by awful roars of thunder, and then the rain ceased to fall, the air calmed down and all was quiet again. They arose and with one accord started down the mountain, and not very slow did they walk, either. They had traveled two or three hundred yards before either spoke, and then the doctor, in a husky voice, whispered:

"Was that an earthquake, Elverton, or what in the world was it? My head hurts, and my hair pulls even now."

Elverton drew a few long breaths, tried to calm himself, and replied:

"As to what that was or its cause I do not know. I only know that I felt as though a thousand arms of iron were around me, each one pressing as if to crush out my life. My fingers tingled, my hair pulled, and my heart seemed trying to leap out of my throat."

"What can you make of it, Elverton? I can't imagine what it means, but I, for one, did not wish to remain there and have it repeated in my presence."

"Nor I," replied his friend; "yet I would like to know what that cavity in the mountain contains."

"Well," said the doctor, "I am in favor of securing the necessary articles and come out here to-morrow and explore this mystery to its depths."

"I agree to that," replied the doctor's companion, as they walked down toward the base of the mountain. "But, Doctor, that could not have been an earthquake, for that same phenomena must have happened before and loosened those great bowlders, which plowed such furrows up there, and we would have felt the shock at Silverton, and no one there has reported such an occurrence. And, besides, all that weight and motion seemed to be from above and not beneath; and did you notice how that thing up in the air shone just as it begun? I confess I was so frightened I did not notice the direction it came from very much, and did not stop to take my bearings, except in my departure from the place. I tell you, Doctor, I believe that shining something up there in the air had much to do with that troubled atmosphere and those subterranean sounds. A wonderful amount of power was turned loose there somehow, and I would like to know what and where the secret lever was that unbound it."

"That reminds me," the doctor rejoined, "that only a few days ago I read that some Professor Crooks had estimated that each cubic foot of ether, that subtle something that fills all space, contained ten thousand feet of energy. And it seems to me that in some manner the elements around this old mountain met the conditions and let out a floodgate of heretofore imprisoned force. After passing through what we have for the past half hour, I am led to look upon the professor's statement as less visionary than I once supposed."

"Were it possible to utilize all the force wasted up there this afternoon, there would be but little use for steam engines, for it seems to me that power enough was freed to turn every mill wheel and haul every load in the Union for the next dozen years. That certainly was an electric force we felt, for my fingers and nerves felt it, and my hair seemed to wish, if possible, to depart from my head. Then, too, you could see and hear it on every side. It must have escaped into the ground, when we saw those awful flashes, for it ceased thereafter. That rain seemed queer to me, coming, as it did, without clouds."

"Some law for the causation of the fall of rain, which man has heretofore failed to discover, must have been exerted there," said the doctor; then, continuing, "I believe that our nation is just entering upon an epoch which shall be characterized by such a grasping and utilizing of the forces bound up in Nature's storehouse as has heretofore been undreamed of."

"I have often wondered," returned Elverton, the preacher, "if that passage in the Bible did not mean much more than we ever got out of it."

"What passage, Elverton?"

"I believe it is Romans, viii: 21, 22, and reads something like this: 'Because the creature itself, also, shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.' I do not think that theologians have ever yet got half way to the depth of it. It will be fully understood and demonstrated when we, as a people, reach that state of glorious freedom spoken of in the first verse. When our minds reach that rest from care and anxiety, allowing them to grow and expand the wings and fly away to heights which imagination now fails to reach, then will we grasp and unlock the doors into Nature's secret closets, and loose the bands of untold millions of energy and chain it as slaves to do our bidding. When I look back to what we were, and only a few years, either, then to the place we now occupy, I can but say that no flight of our imagination toward the mark of future advancement can reach half way up the ladder to the summit. We now talk of flying machines, pneumatic railroads, telegraphing without connections, etc. Doctor, the time will soon roll around when we shall have reached that point in our history, and traveled on to stars of progress, whose brightest ray does not reach down to the present time. I only wish I could be one to help in hastening that glorious day."

"But, Elverton, I am stirred to the very depths of my soul over the experiences of the past half an hour, and I must in some way account for them, or I am fearful of the consequences. Had there been such sweet songs only, I might have imagined that mermaids were a reality and that we had found a retreat of theirs; but those

awful crashes, that low moaning, those piercing shrieks—oh, I seem to hear them now. Explain it, Elverton, or I shall go crazy."

"Explain it? You might as well ask me what the Creator made the sun of," he answered. "I have not the slightest idea. It was so odd, so strange, so awful. I can think of no possible cause therefor. I never heard of such an exhibition, either about this old mountain or any other, before, and as to its cause I cannot even dream, unless it be that shining object we saw, those strange sounds and that awful electric shower have a bearing in some way upon one another, and that in some mysterious manner that shining balloon was the cause of all the rest. True, I cannot imagine how, but a cause it certainly had, and I wish to find out what it was."

"So do I. But there's the wagon and our comrades. We better say as little as possible about these events and come out together, to-morrow, for a complete exploration," replied the doctor, as they neared the company, who had come out on the hunting excursion with them.

"Hello there! Are you alive? What kind of a storm was that up there on the mountain?" was the greeting that they received from their waiting companions.

"We would be pleased to have you tell," was the doctor's reply. "We were in some kind of a thunder and rain storm, which seemed to come just to frighten us. We got a little wet and a good deal frightened."

"Well, we heard a few awful heavy thunder claps, but were so shut in by the forest and hills that we could not see the storm, and wondered what it was," came the reply.

"It was quite a severe storm, but did not last long, and no damage was done," Elverton answered.

"We wondered what kind of a storm it could be, for the greatest amount of game we ever saw came running down past us just as it was over, and we had the good luck to kill those three deer and saw hundreds of rabbits. The game was all so frightened that it paid no attention to us, but ran within a few yards of the wagon, and we had good shooting for a few minutes."

"You look as though you were most frightened to death, Doctor. What is the matter?" asked another.

"Yes, I was frightened. The bolts of lightning struck so close to us that I begun to think there would soon be another widow in Silverton," he replied.

"What was it, anyway?" another asked. "Was it a cyclone?"

"No, it was not a cyclone, but just seemed to be an electric storm; yet it was different than any I ever saw before," was the doctor's way of answering, for he wished to explore the cave and find out the right cause before he said very much about it. He then added, for the purpose of changing the subject, "How long have you been waiting for us?"

"About an hour," was the reply, as they began to hitch up, preparatory to the return trip home.

They were soon on the way to Silverton, which was ten miles off. It took the united care and effort of both Elverton and the doctor to keep the subject of conversation away from the mountain storm. But they arrived safe at home without having made any further explanation of their secret.

When the doctor's wife asked him that evening why he was gathering together so many things, and what he wanted of a lantern, a tape line, so much rope, and why

he got that cheese and crackers, he only answered that they had found a cave up there in the mountains, and that he was going with the preacher in the morning to explore it.

The preacher's wife wondered what it was he had found so interesting as to call him from his morning study, his afternoon calls and to ask the class leader to conduct the weekly prayer meeting, saying that he might not be back in time. All his wife found out was that a cave had been found and must be explored the next day.

Two men arose very early the next morning, after a night of little sleep, and at the appointed time, four o'clock, met at the doctor's barn, where the team was soon hitched up and they were away. They drove down the deserted street and out into the country toward the great mountain, whose great side looked only like a dark, ominous cloud, as the moon was just setting behind it. On they drove past the beautiful groves, past the heavily laden apple orchards—whose fruit filled the air with fragrance—past the cornfields, whose harvest was full for the industrious farmer, who was just now awakening to begin the labors of the day. They passed field after field and orchard after orchard, bowing with burdens of richness for the blessing of man. Soon there was a lull in the conversation, and after a short pause Elverton spoke:

"Nature seems willing and anxious to supply all the needs of the human body, yet thousands, this very hour, are longing for the necessities of life, which seem to be spread around here with such bounteous hand. Where does the blame lie, Doctor? Is it not at the door of

mankind themselves? Nature supplies enough for bread, meat, materials for clothing, buildings and necessary implements, air enough (God knows, and so do we, that no being need to live nor die in the alleys of miasma of the large cities), song and music enough; but, oh, how many are starving for these very things, and Nature's storehouses so full. Doctor, the problem of the age is, how to get man up to Nature's great feeding troughs, without the weaker ones being pushed out and crowded back by the stronger."

"And when some one does find some new way of chaining and using more of the natural forces, some new discovery in science, some new balm for aching bodies, he rushes away to get the exclusive right thereof in a patent or copyright, or locks up the secret in his own breast and then dies with it securely locked there, instead of blessing the race with it, as he ought to do," replied the doctor, who longed to know Keely's secret. "This race is cursed with a mighty dose of selfishness, and the problem of the age, to my mind," the medicine man said, "is to find some remedy for this inherent, contagious disease. Were I to find it, my fortune would be assured."

"Ah, there it is again, Doctor; you would need to take a dose of your own medicine, for you seem to be afflicted with the same malady. You seemingly would find it only for pay."

"Very well, friend Elverton, but I had expected you to say, with your usual promptness in turning subjects in that direction, that the remedy had been discovered, and that, nineteen hundred years ago, in far-off Palestine, which, while I grant it, only reply, that diseased people

seem adverse to taking the remedy, or it has to be sugar-coated so thick to get the people to try it, that the coating destroys the effect of the remedy to be taken."

"Yes, that is so," was the reply, "but people seem to lose their reasoning powers when they leave the realm of bodily and mental disease and go on to moral contagion. But the remedy is growing in favor. It has no patent or copyright on it to hinder its progress and enrich the advocates thereof. But the day is not far distant when the dread of the remedy will be overcome by the aggravation of the disease and the glorious health of the cured."

"See, there's a pond full of ducks," whispered the doctor. "Let's try a shot;" saying which, they got out of the buggy, hitched the horses and started toward the pond.

"You crawl up behind that knoll, Elverton, and I'll try and get a shot from behind that clump of bushes."

It was yet quite dark, but from Elverton's position he could see, by the reflection of the setting moon, the surface of the pond and the ducks therein. At the prearranged signal he fired both barrels, soon after which the doctor fired. The preacher picked up three large ducks, the result of his shot, and started for the buggy, which he reached in time to have the horses untied before the doctor's arrival.

"Where are your ducks?" was his greeting.

After the doctor had got in and sat down he replied:

"Well, I did not get any. From my position, with my back to the moon, I could not see even the surface of the pond, and after you shot they flew over me and I

guessed at the range by the sound of their wings and fired, but did not hit any."

"Just like you, anyhow," spoke up the preacher. "Just the way you doctors do in practicing medicine. You go into the profession with your backs to the light (the commandments of God, which are the preventative remedy); then in your diagnosis, do not get over to the right side of the pond to catch the reflection of the light, but catch one symptom of a disease, then immediately conclude you have it, administer the remedy and, by the time you find out that you were mistaken, the patient is gone, far beyond your power to bring back. Your science is living in a too darkened condition. You doctors ought to come out of the twilight of medical science into the broad sunlight of a remedy for every ill the human frame is heir to, and a sure diagnosis of every disease."

"Good," returned the doctor, "but don't you know that we are far in advance of you preachers? When we have decided on the nature of a disease we have but four systems of treatment, while you have hundreds, some directly opposed; and some of the theologians sight the game, aim the gun, but have no load in the weapon. Then many times the game cannot be shot, for it has alighted on the barrel, out of range of the charge. I mean by that, first, they go through the outward forms and ordinances, but have no vital experimental religion to work the changes necessary. Then, again, many people do all and more than some churches require and yet are not changed in this life, much less in the one to come. The barrel should be cut off a few feet; lop off a few creeds, isms and doctrines, and we will talk to you

about trying the dose. I have heard you say that you wondered why unsaved people did not try the remedy, when so many proofs of its efficacy were to be found on every hand. Now, Elverton, I wonder why you church people do not do something toward church consolidation. You acknowledge that it would be better if there were less creeds and forms of belief, yet you do but little to change it. Why not set us the example?"

"We are doing something in that line, Doctor, yet I acknowledge that the progress is very slow. What the world, inside and outside of the pales of the Church, needs is to feel more and more the brotherhood of the human race, use more love and charity in our dealings with one another; and I believe, Doctor, as God raised up Abraham, Moses, Luther, Washington, Lincoln and many others for a special purpose, so will He in the fulness of time raise up a man for this work, so much needed now—the Christian fellowship of all God's children. It seems to me that no grander, nobler work could be done in this century than to teach all humanity its dependence upon the ruling power of the universe, and its duty to its neighbor."

"Well, preacher, that's fine, but as long as there is disease, sorrow, misery, briers and thistles, side by side with joy, happiness, roses and violets, just so long there will be jealousies, crimes, sighs and 'Man's inhumanity to man.'"

"Not so, Doctor. The presence of these very troubles ought to be the moving cause toward a closer fellowship. Were man freed from all these things, there would be no such need of fellowship, sympathy and self-sacrifice; and as an army's greatest heroism and valor is shown when

encountering the greatest opposition, so is it individually. The deeds of love and sacrifice now seen on every hand would soon be unknown, were that which called them forth removed. Had it not been for a Conemaugh flood, the world would have known but little of its people, and the interest now felt in them, and the love which leaped forth from a nation's heart and wound those sufferers to its bosom, would have dwindled away, unused and unknown. Thousands who visit Chicago this year from foreign lands would have known very little of the city, and probably would never have come, had it not been for the great fire and the subsequent reports of its great rise and wonderful growth."

They were now nearing the foot of the mountain. The sun's rays were just touching its top, lighting it into beauty and life. The sky was clear, the air balmy, and all bid fair to be a pleasant day. In a short time the by-road they were following had dwindled down into a cow-path, up which, through the underbrush, they could drive no further. Stopping, they unhitched the horses, and, with part of the ropes brought along, the horses were lariated out. Then they put what things they could into the game bags, threw them over their shoulders, and, with the guns, lanterns and such other things as they thought they would need thrown over their arms, they started for the opening in the mountain. After they had been traveling up the mountain side through the brush, leaping the ravines and complaining of the rough roads, for some time, now and then looking up to see if it were possible to catch a glimpse of the strange object wondered at the day before, the doctor stopped, saying that he was played out and must rest, and that, while he

rested, Elverton might take the spy-glass and see if he could find their balloon, as he called it.

Elverton took the glass and for a long time sat and scanned the heavens for a glimpse of it, the doctor watching him, and now and then between the puffs—for he was a very fat man, and had stopped for lack of breath as well as being tired—asking him if he could see it. Finally Elverton excitedly spoke up:

"I see it, I see it! Just where we left it yesterday," and handing the glass to the doctor, he said: "Here, take a look at it, Doctor."

It was some time before the doctor could catch sight of it, as he was so warm and excited that he could not hold the glass still enough to see in any one place very long at a time; but at last he did see it.

"Yes, I see it. Looks like a monster umbrella wrong side up floating around up there. Is it something belonging to the earth, or is it some meteor or comet stopped to cool off? It must have shone mighty bright during the night, and I wonder why we did not see it while on our way here. I should like to know who could have flown that great thing up there, and what his object could be in doing so. How do you suppose it was transported here, through all this underbrush, over the rocks and across the gullies?"

They arose and started on, still talking about the object of their search. After what seemed to them two hours of hard walking and climbing, they came to the uprooted tree and the opening in the mountain, found on the day before, and within whose recesses they had but little idea of what they were to find and what its value to the world would be along the lines their conversation had

taken since they first saw it. They had been there but a few moments when the doctor said he was in a hurry to secure the rope, get their traps together and get down into the cave, for, he said:

"I have no great desire to remain around here until we have another such occurrence as yesterday."

Their things were soon ready, one end of the rope tied to the root of the great tree, which they thouhgt would be strong enough to hold them, the guns slung over their shoulders by straps and the hatchets and lanterns tied to the strap of the game bag, that they might have free use of their hands. They then decided that the preacher should start down first, followed closely by the doctor. The start was made and down they both went, little dreaming of the wonderful experience they were to pass through.

CHAPTER II.

"Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be."—*Halleck.*

For the first ten or twelve feet the size or nature of the opening did not change and they could easily lower themselves by stepping from rock to rock down the sides, while they steadied themselves by the rope, but as they descended, the rocks became damper and more slippery, making their progress very slow. They descended for about twenty feet; part of the time they could ease their descent by the use of the rocky sides, and then for a few feet it would widen out so broad that they would have to lower themselves solely by the use of the rope. After they had reached a depth of about twenty feet, the sides seemed suddenly to be cut off, and below them they could see only dark vacancy. As to the depth or size of the room below, they could not tell. After looking about for a few moments, a halt was called and a consultation held. After much talk, some about giving it all up and returning, they decided to lower the lantern and see if the bottom could be found. The rope that dangled beneath them was now pulled up and the lantern tied to the end thereof and then lowered, until the rope had all been played out. The lantern now hung some twenty feet beneath them, and by its dim light the preacher thought he could see the bottom or floor of the room.

"I see the bottom, I believe," he said, "and would like to be there, but this rope-climbing is new business to me, and I am getting tired of it. Can you make the descent, Doctor?"

"Guess my weight will take me down," he answered. "You go ahead, and I'll follow."

Slowly they lowered themselves, but so much weight did they have strapped to them, that it soon became very hard work. Great beads of sweat stood out on the doctor's brow and trickled down from his nose on to the preacher below. It was with a great effort that he could hold on at all. His panting sounded much like the puffing of a locomotive in the distance, yet he hung on with a firm grip, even surprising himself at his endurance. The preacher, who was much lighter, fared much better, yet his tender hands soon began to feel the effects of the tight grip on the rope. But they were now near the lantern, and cheered themselves with the thought that they were near the bottom. A queer sight it certainly was. A hundred and fifty pound man, wearing his long-tailed coat, standing collar and balance of the usual preacher's outfit, and above him a two hundred and forty pounder, blowing and puffing like a steam engine, his great plug hat waving from side to side; and yet, gentle reader, this was no funny matter to the men engaged in the feat. By and by the preacher reached the lantern, and found, to his consternation, that what had seemed as the bottom was only a cold, damp mist, which had appeared in the glare of the lantern as a rock bottom.

"There's no bottom here, Doctor. What shall we do? I can't hang on much longer. My hands are already blistered."

"I don't know," that puffing man replied, between the puffs. "I am about give out."

"Can't you climb up, Doctor, and get some more rope to tie to the end of this?" hurriedly exclaimed the preacher, as visions of home and family rapidly passed before his mind. And to be lost here. Who would ever find their remains and tell the story of their death?

"I could not climb up an inch to save my life," said the doctor.

"Twist the rope around your leg to help hold you," said the preacher in a husky whisper, as he felt the rope quiver and thought the doctor was coming down. "Don't fall and knock me off too, Doctor."

The doctor made a frantic effort to twist the rope around his leg. Dirt began to fall from above. The rope was sinking.

"The root of that tree is breaking loose," said the now terrified doctor, "and we will soon fall. What shall we do?"

Death seemed to be reaching out with his cold, icy fingers for them. The doctor's frame shook with a chill, his red face turned to one cold and white, his eyes stared and he could scarcely get his breath. The preacher began to offer a prayer and seemed to await with bated breath the coming disaster. The suspense was terrible. The root would break loose in one place, only to stop with a jerk as it caught in another. Now it is held to the tree by only one small root.

"Oh, why did I come to die in this way?" said the doctor. "Why did I not stay"—but his remarks were cut short; there was a jerk, a slip—it caught—then slipped again, only to catch, but for a second only. Now,

down they go. Down, down, down—would the bottom never be reached? Would not death come to their relief and close this awful suspense? Over thirty years of the doctor's life passed in review before his mind in those few brief seconds. The preacher's mind was in a whirl. It can last only a few seconds. There is a splash, a few groans, a momentary flash and a loud report from one of the guns, when preacher, doctor, hatchets, guns, rope, lunch, roots, etc., are in a heap together. Mud and water fly in all directions, the root falls upon the doctor's plug hat and drives it firmly down to his shoulders. There is some rapid pawing and pushing as he attempts to get it off, and a few muttered curses escape his lips. The preacher offers a prayer of thanksgiving; the long-tailed coat is ruined, the plug hat is past redemption, the cold, damp mud covers them from head to foot. The lights in the lanterns have gone out, they went out at the first downward jerk, and all is dark, dark as Egypt's darkest night. The two men arose, but the rope, spy-glass, lunch, etc., remained quiet and pacified in the mud below.

"Well, this is a pretty fix to get into," said the preacher, for he was the leaner of the two and could get his breath quicker than the doctor. "Where are we, and when will we ever get out of this hole? Have you a match, Doctor? Mine are all wet."

The doctor fumbled awhile before he could get through the mud and find his pocket, where he found a match-box, for he was a smoker and always went well prepared for a light.

"Where will we find a place dry enough to strike a match on, now that I have found it?" he said.

"Don't know, Doctor. I am covered all over with mud, and I suppose our things are, too."

"Oh, I have it," said the doctor. "My hat is dry on the inside, for that old root fell right on top of it and drove it on so hard that I could hardly get it off."

He soon had a light struck, but the globe of the first lantern he fished out of the mud was broken; the hatchet had fallen on it. Another match was lighted and the other lantern found, which was all right, except being covered with mud. It was lighted, and what mud he could get off with his hand and handkerchief was removed, but the light now furnished was very dim. They now looked around a little, but the light was so dim they could not see either sides or top to the room. A strange place. The mud was five or six inches deep, and the mist was so cold that it caused the chills to creep up their spines.

"I would like to know how we are ever to get out of this prison. We must be fifty feet down here in the mountain, with no means of getting out there again, and no means of communication with the outside world, which knows nothing of our whereabouts. Our rope is here, instead of being tied to the root of that tree up yonder, as we expected. And look, Doctor, at the bones of animals all around here, which have fallen down this same opening and never found a way out, but have starved to death. I tell you it looks discouraging to me."

"If it had not been for this mud, we would have been dead now, which would be preferable to starvation. Ugh, look at the bats flying around. They are messengers of ill to me."

"Well, Doctor, we had better make the best of our surroundings and see if we cannot find a way out of this den."

They picked up what they could find of their traps, shook off the mud and started to find a way out. After wading through the mud and mire for about twenty feet, they came to the side of the room, the wall of which was covered with soot and slime. Along this wall they walked, looking for an opening, until they came to another side, and along it they had walked for a few yards, when they found a narrow passage in the wall, which was so high that, with the feeble light of their lantern, they could not see the top. Down this alley they passed for some distance before they came to another room, through which a small stream flowed. Here they stopped for some time, while they endeavored to wash some of the mud from their persons and clothing. It was a long time before they could find any sign of an opening from this room, save the one they came in at. The doctor thought he could make out the dim outline of an opening about ten feet from the floor on one side, and they soon thereafter found a ledge of rocks leading up to a rocky shelf, which seemed to lead around to the opening, about ten feet up from the floor. They then concluded to climb up and see if a way out could be found up there. After much toil, slipping back and pushing up, puffing and blowing, they reached the shelf, and, though it was narrow, managed to pass around on it to the opening. Here the doctor stopped to rest again.

"We are making slow progress toward the finding of the cause of those sounds. I don't see anything around here that would cause me to think that they came from any place I have seen yet, do you, Elverton?"

"No, I do not. And I am becoming awful sick of our task. I wish we were back at Silverton. But I see no other way of reaching there than to go on the way we are and find an opening out of here."

They arose and started down the narrow way, which was so very limited in places that the doctor had to shed his luggage and have the preacher carry it ahead, in order for him to be able to get through. After ten or twelve tight places had been squeezed through, they came out where the opening was larger and led them on, first to the right and then to the left, when finally they emerged into a large room, and found that the rock they were standing on was a shelf, far up the side of the room. The light from the lanterns was not strong enough to allow them to see either ceiling or floor of the room. Some distance off to the right, and above them, they could see that there was an opening through the ceiling out to the daylight. From the appearance of the room, and the opening, they concluded that they were back in the room they had so suddenly fallen into some time before. Following this ledge or shelf of rock along the wall for some distance, they came to another opening in the wall, which led directly back into the heart of the mountain. They searched for a way or plan to reach the opening in the top, for a long time, but no such way could be found. Thinking it was their only show, they turned down the open passageway, and had walked on but a short distance when they came to a turn therein, down which they looked and were astonished to see bright streaks of light, where they shot through small cracks in the end of the passageway. It was plain to be seen that the light was not from the sun, for it was much different in appearance.

"Let's stop here," said the doctor. "I don't know about going on down there. I think there is a fire in that room. Don't you see that these walls are all covered with soot, just as the first room was we got into? If we go on down there it will be hot."

"I don't see any other way out of this place than in that direction," was the reply. I think we had better go on down there and see what it means. That may not be a fire which we see there, and even if it is a fire, I don't believe it can be far from the surface, and we may be able to find a way around it to the outer world again. Let's go and knock that end in and see if there is a way of escape."

"Yes. But if we go and knock it in and find the room full of fire, and by knocking down that partition open a damper into this smokestack for the fire and smoke to rush into, what will we do then? I want to know first, before we make any rash moves. Elverton, there is too much Arabian Nights, of a dark kind, about this trip to suit me."

"We shall then be obliged to sit down here and starve, and I am not longing for any such experience as that just now, Doctor. We might go near it to see if it is hot, at least, for if there is a great fire beyond we shall be able to find it out before there will be any necessity of pushing in that wall."

"All right. We can do that much. You go ahead, Elverton. You are leaner than I am, and can stand more heat."

They had hardly started toward the light when they were riveted to their tracks in astonishment, for there came to their hearing senses such sweet melody, such

music as the best musicians of all ages could not half equal, such melody, such harmony, so sweet. They stood and listened for some time, not daring to move, lest the musician, whoever or whatever he was, should be frightened away. But it soon ceased, and all was still again.

"What strange, uncanny world have we got into, Elverton? This beats anything I ever heard or read of. I never dreamed of such music. I am anxious to go on and find out about it. I want to hear it again," said the now thoroughly excited doctor.

"Come, let's go on and unravel this mystery. There is no heat here, so cannot be any fire there." Here the voice of the preacher was drowned by a series of prolonged moans, which sounded much like the breaking of the waves on a distant shore. They would ebb and flow, now rise in intensity and then sink back again; now moan quietly as if the wind were sighing softly through the tree tops; then rise until the roar was like a mighty Niagara. For fully ten minutes they stood and listened to its queer sounds, when it, too, died away, and all was quiet.

After much talk and conjecture as to the nature of their surroundings and dangers which might be before them, it was decided to go ahead and push in the door. Their guns were unstrapped and their charges examined, that they might be ready for instant use, should it be needed. The doctor then approached the door and pushed, but it held fast. They both put their shoulders to it and gave a mighty push. It gave way and fell in, dropping some three or four feet to the floor below, closely followed by the two men, who landed in some such a mess as they did in the first room. But instead of the dense darkness,

there was a flood of brilliant, yet soft, mellow light. Hastily they arose, but were riveted to their places by the scene before them. There in the center of the room, which was about forty feet square, stood a splendid specimen of humanity. His eyes were tender, yet searched them with a piercing gaze. He was apparently of about thirty years of age, of medium size, and well proportioned. He was well but plainly dressed, and seemed as much astonished at their appearance so suddenly as they were. But the man was not the strangest sight that met their gaze. Scattered around the room were such things as but one man in the whole world before (and that the man before them) had ever beheld. They stood and stared around them for some moments, when the stranger burst out into peal after peal of laughter; and no wonder, for a more comical spectacle could hardly be imagined. The two men, not half washed, mud and soot all over them, streaked and spotted, staring about in wonderment, taken in connection with their sudden and ludicrous entrance, was enough to make anybody laugh. It was quite a while before he could control his laughter enough to be able to speak; our two friends staring about like two owls in the meantime. He then addressed them:

"What does this mean? Who are you, and what business have you here in my private apartments?"

In a trembling voice, for he was greatly excited, the preacher replied:

"We hardly know who we are ourselves, and what business we have here, and how it all happened; we can hardly tell, but if you will give us the time we will try and explain."

After he had offered them a seat to sit upon, he replied:

"Go ahead, stranger. I would like to know how you found this retreat of mine, and how you got into such a fix as I see you in now."

"We were out hunting yesterday, and heard some very strange sounds coming from a hole in the side of the mountain, and while we were listening and talking about it, we caught sight of some strange thing flying in the air, and then an awful electric storm passed over us, which so aroused and interested us that we concluded to come out here and explore it. We came, and when we were lowering ourselves into the cavern, the rope broke loose and let us down into the darkest, muddiest, most dreadful place I was ever in, which was the cause of the sad plight you now see us in. From there we wandered around a long time trying to get out, only to come to that door, and in our eagerness to find the cause of some very strange sounds, which we heard while in that alleyway, pushed in the door, and here we are. Our home is in Silverton, ten miles away. This man is the doctor there. His name is Ruttlidge. My name is Elverton, and I am the Methodist preacher there. We ask your pardon for having intruded upon you."

"Certainly, I pardon you. I could hardly do otherwise," he said, at the same time extending his hand to the wondering men before him. The scene was so ludicrous that he again burst into a hearty laugh, which, though somewhat embarrassing to them, they could but expect. They had not been able to erase all the mud from their clothes, and in squeezing along between the walls of the passage they had blackened their hands and

faces, which were well streaked where the sweat had run down their faces and they had endeavored to wipe it off with their sooty hands. Laughable figures they were as they stood in the dazzling light, which filled the room. His laughter was soon under control and he addressed them:

"I perceive that you are astonished at what your eyes behold and would probably like an explanation from me, before I proceed to question you further. I had not intended that any eyes but my own should see these sights for awhile yet, but you are here and I might as well make the best of it. These sights seem strange to you and this light you are not used to, and yet I will show you stranger things before I get through with my explanation."

The two men could not help staring about them, so strange were the sights they beheld. In the center of the room, on a raised platform, they saw a large glass globe. It was about ten feet high and six feet in diameter in the center and was nearly in the shape of a great pear, with the pointed end upward. It had been made whole and a small door had been cut out of one side, into which a steel door had been fitted air tight. The globe was divided into two nearly equal rooms by a partition, which was securely fastened to the glass around its edges by rivets, which were headed on the outside of the glass. It had been cemented to the glass until it was air tight. The partition was so thin that the least change of the conditions upon either side of it would cause a corresponding move in the partition. It would have taken a hundred to have made a block of metal an inch thick. This partition now shone and seemed to burn brighter than

any electric light they had ever seen. Upon each side of the partition were fixed many arms of copper, securely held there by bands of steel, and they were so near that the naked eye would have said that they touched it, but they did not, except when the partition moved to them. These arms were connected to copper wires, which passed out of the globe through the door. There were also wires passing out at each end of the globe, which passed to machines in other parts of the room. One connected to a large telephone, another to a large storage battery, one to two great air pumps and many other machines and contrivances within the room. A wire was also noticed that came down through the ceiling and connected with the partition, and from the opposite side of that connection another one extended down into the floor of the cave. Upon the wall to the right of where they stood was a long lever which was arranged to pass down over a long scale upon which were such marks as these: "BC1523," "BC2348," "BC1004," "BC149," "BC4," "AD70," "AD1815," "AD1862," and many other such characters, each being opposite a deep notch in the steel frame.

The stranger stepped up to the scale, saying as he did so:

"It would probably be best to let the machine do a little talking before I begin to explain it, then you will the better understand what I shall tell you," saying which he pushed the lever down and into the notch marked "BC4," when there was a transformation. An electric motor at the other side of the room began to hum, the great air pumps began to move, the light quivered and trembled, flashed and sparkled from the partition, within the globe, the wires which hung within the two sides, or

rooms, of the globe, soon changed from black to red and then to white, so hot did they become. A long lever was fastened near the motor which was arranged over a scale like the one near the stranger, and this was seen to move slowly up nearer and nearer the slot marked "BC4," which, when it had reached, immediately dropped therein, with a sharp click. The great motor now ceased, and three or four small machines which had been running also stopped. The partition within the globe moved as the ripples on a little pond, then the wire to the telephone quivered a moment, when, lo! the room is filled with such music as our friends never heard before. They acted as though they were trying to hold themselves back from the machine, then they would start up toward it and then recede. Great tears rolled down their cheeks, they moved sideways, then kneeled, they arose, they laughed, they cried, they grasped hands, they hugged each other and went through all sorts of maneuvers. The preacher looked toward the ceiling and exclaimed:

"I can't stand this. I shall fly away."

The doctor only sobbed, as great swelling sighs shook his frame from head to foot, and then he would clasp his hands and sob:

"Oh, my! Oh, my!"

The young man reversed the lever and the story the angels sang to the shepherds was over. It had taken its flight far out into space again, from which it had sprung.

The two men sat down, but it was a long time before they ceased to laugh and the tears to run down their cheeks and were composed enough to talk. Then they began to ask questions.

"What was that song? Where did it come from?"

"That song," he answered, "was the song the angels sang to the shepherds the night that Christ was born, and this occurrence I will now give you happened twenty-three centuries before the angels sang the one you have just heard," and he moved the lever so that it would point to "BC2349."

Again the motor started, again the pumps began their work, the machinery around the room began to move, but it was much longer this time than before that the notch was reached. Very slowly the finger, near the motor, moved down the scale past the numbers "BC600," "BC1000," "BC2000," on higher and higher, slower and slower. Would it never reach the point? Now it nears the looked-for mark. There is a click. The lever drops into the slot. The machinery ceases, the globe ripples and flashes brighter than before, the wires quiver; the instrument on the wall clicks out a few sharp sounds and then it speaks.

There is a low, rumbling sound, which breaks out into a mighty roaring, as of the splashing of the waves on a rock-bound coast, or a rushing of mighty waters down a mountain gorge, then a roar as of a great cataract, mingled ever and anon by the sharp peal of the thunder, now near at hand and then far off its mutterings would sound. Now above its roar could be heard, faintly at first, but soon growing distinct, the shrieks, groans and shouts of drowning people. The doctor jumped to his feet and rushed toward the instrument with extended hands, as a shriek from a mother's throat, when her child sank before her eyes, burst from the instrument.

The shouts were all in a strange language, and the only sound they could understand was a name which had a

resemblance to the name "Noah." The fearful groans and shrieks so wrought up their feelings and they became so excited that the stranger was obliged to reverse the lever and send back to its home in the long ago, the, at one time, present of the flood.

"Don't touch any more such scenes as that, kind sir, I beg of you," said the doctor, after he had got composed enough to talk.

The amazement of our friends was now at its highest pitch, and inquiringly they turned to the stranger and asked for a solution of this, to them, unanswerable problem.

They had found the source of the strange sounds heard the day before, as well as of the electric storm, but as to how these sounds were produced was to them a mystery. Who was this strange, wonder-working man? Was he of a tribe who could at the least whim or wish step over into the unseen future and the forgotten past and read its signs and solve its mysteries? Whence came this power, which seemed to be manifest so plainly to them in its effects to-day?

True, this is an age of surprises and strange phenomena. Yes, we have the means of sending thought with lightning speed across the continent and plunging it beneath the ocean's wave, but who ever before heard of calling it down into the present from the dim aisles of the distant past? Where could the argument be found to base such a theory on, much less to demonstrate the actual workings thereof? True had been the stranger's words: "And I will show you more wonderful things."

Could he explain it? Would he explain it, or would he leave them here in the depths of mystery? Their

anxiety about the possibilities of a return home have now been quieted by a greater anxiety. Could this unsolved be solved ? They now begged him for a solution of this wonderful mystery. Bidding them to be seated and telling them that, for the present, he did not wish the knowledge of these things to go any further, he seated himself and began.

CHAPTER III.

"My name is Trafford Allerton. Thirty years ago this month I first saw the light of day in the city of New York. My father was a rich merchant and he gave me a good chance to get an education. From the first I took a great liking to the study of electricity and the other forms of natural force, eagerly reading all I could get on these subjects and experimenting some.

"As soon as I graduated from college, I was placed on the road to sell goods for our store, which business I followed for eight years. My moral and religious instruction was all received from my mother, who was of the most gentle, loving disposition I ever knew. She could not bear to see suffering of any kind without an effort to alleviate it. Many a day did she spend in some of the most degraded, sin-cursed hovels of our city, trying to teach the people of a better way to live than in sin and filth. I used to go with her, even when a little boy, and many were the lessons I learned while with her on these missions of mercy. When I was home from college on vacation, I used to go with her, and when sent out on the road the habits and disposition she had taught me did not leave, and my greatest enjoyment was found while out on such errands. I did these things because I had been so taught and could find more pleasure in that than any other way. I did it, not so much for the good that was done to those who received the attention as for my own enjoyment. It was great enjoyment to me, to see their surprise at having a man who was a total stranger

to them call and talk to them, wait on the sick, take in a few delicacies, or drop a few dollars into some poor person's hand. The tears would start in their eyes and they would look up with such a ray of sunshine in their faces as I could not forget for many days. I love this work. It is supreme happiness to me. As I passed from the counting rooms of the rich bankers and merchants into a poor, cold, diseased hovel, or from some of the overladen corn fields, wheat stacks and fat, sleak stock of the Western plains back again to the poor man's home in the city, I often pondered over the question, who is to blame for this unequal distribution? Sure Nature does her part. Then comes the question, does man do his part? And, if not, why does he not? He is the one to be benefited thereby. Can it be that he is insensible to the cries of want and the sighs of suffering, or is he forgetful, thinking only of self, while millions suffer for what the few have stored up for years to come. Why this lack of brotherhood? Why this striding and pushing like a pack of wolves? I have known honest, straightforward men to be ruined, financially, by some old knave, who lived in luxury the balance of his days, while his poor victim, a noble, refined man, eked out a miserable livelihood by some drudgery, or finally laid down on a charity cot in some hospital to die, his remains to return to the dust in the potter's field. I made the subject a study, and my research only met the same answer at every advance step therein, 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.' 'Tis not Nature, nor Nature's God to whom we can point the blame. The Western plains invite millions to a happy home, but the poor, degraded wretch within the tenement house cannot be induced to go there. Why? No faith

in the person who tells him of the broad fertile plains. Afraid it is some scheme of land sharks to beat him. He knows of no better place than where thrive the inequalities of the great city and will not believe the recital of the facts about the great expanse of territory there. No faith in man the real cause. Had he always met only honest men, who meant his good, as well as their own; had his inherent faith in humanity never been shaken, his cry would be, 'Westward ho!' and acres would teem with abundant harvests at his touch. Were it not for a lack of faith in humanity, the capital could be found to open many a new mine in the West, start many a new mill wheel and send to work, at good wages, thousands of idle workmen. It is not a lack of demand, but a lack of faith and brotherly love to satisfy that demand, that is holding the human race fettered and bound. Could the cry, misery and pain of suffering mortality go up unceasingly before the ears of those who were the cause of it, coupled with the knowledge that the whole human race knew of their dastardly deeds and were listening to their hard speeches and cruel demands, there would be a loosening of the reins drawn so tightly now through the mouth of many a hard-pressed man.

"I studied, thought and wondered if no way could be found whereby these demands, made away from the world's ear and carried out behind the screen, while the play was being carried on before the curtain to draw the attention in another direction, could be shown up before the world just as it existed.

"A word once spoken can never be unspoken; a deed once done can never be undone; a blow once struck will remain a struck blow through eternity; a cry, however

low or high, is a cry forever; a sigh once having escaped the breast has flown beyond our power to call it back; a tear once spattered out of tear pond, by the fall of sorrow or pain, will never be gathered back again; the shriek of the injured, the cry of the heart-broken, the curse of the blasphemer, the lie of the liar, the song of the singer, the tender word of the mother, the harsh word of the master, the speech of the politician, the sermon of the preacher, yea, and more too, once sent adrift on its mission, never more returns to its source. Results may be gathered therefrom, generation after generation, but the original is past calling back. The tasted apple in the garden, the rejected mercy at Sodom, the fearful speech of Regulus, the edicts of Nero, the agonizing cry of Elizabeth, will never listen to the call, 'Come back, oh, come back.'

"Then I asked myself, where are these sighs and groans, these shouts and curses? Have they not flown heavenward?

"One day I had the privilege of taking a ride in a balloon, and I noticed as we rose higher and higher that the barking of the dog, the lowing of the cattle and the shouts of friends could be heard with wonderful distinctness. I then reasoned that these sounds, which are but ethereal motion and activity, must be like a moon or sun, which, thrown out into space by the hand of the Great Maker, will fly on and on forever, and, as the earth, the sun and all the celestial bodies we know anything about, as well as the electric currents, seem to fly around an orbit, however small or vast that may be, why not these sounds be as other phenomena, some of which we understand. May they, too, not be flying on and on around some vast orbit, where they have been going since they were first sent

adrift by their originator. I then asked myself this question: If this theory is true, where are those orbits? Where is the track around which is hastening the ethereal motion caused by God's call to Adam, 'Where art thou?' the speech of the angels to Abraham, the answer of Pharaoh to Moses, the shouts of the victorious and the wail of the defeated in Caanan's wars, the sounds of the artisans building Babel, the thunders of Sinai, the music of David's singers, the boast of Goliath, the cry of Jesus, 'Jerusalem, oh, Jerusalem,' the triumphant shouts of the martyrs, the boom of Waterloo's guns, the cracking of the flames at Moscow, the sighs of Valley Forge, the shouts at Lookout Mountain, the wail of the afflicted, the cry of the hungered and the billions of other sounds?

"God says: 'My word shall not return unto me void.' A circuit or an orbit is mentioned here.

"Every breath we breathe changes the conditions of the atoms of existence; every blow we strike displaces numberless atoms, never again to find their former place. The word spoken forces out the atoms of ether from the lungs, which in turn must force back other atoms, that a place may be found for them, and they in turn press out others, and so on and on through immensity and eternity. Then why not these motions find a level, where, unhindered, they might go on forever, as does light, through immensities of space and countless generations of time, to dart its rapid ray into the mirror of the eye, centuries after it left its source, trillions of miles away, and, as a wave moves out in all directions from the point of disturbance, so does light, thus illuminating millions of worlds. It must be true, I thought. But where is this realm of sound? Can it be above the region of

atmospheric pressure, where it can fly about, as a bird above the surface of the lake, in its natural place? And, if my theory was true, how was I to demonstrate it? How make use of these currents to light our darkened memories, as the electrician uses the electric spark to lighten our darkened streets at night?

"Many days and nights I studied this enigma, pondering and experimenting until at last I conceived an idea of a contrivance, like this you see here.

"I asked my father for a year's rest, which was readily granted, together with what funds I might need. I then went to the different manufactories and ordered that which I thought would be necessary in my experiments. My next difficulty was to find a place where I might try the experiment unseen and alone. I visited many sections of the country, but found that all the places that I saw had the objections of being either too far from the railroad or of being frequented too often, until I found this old worn-out mine, which I thought would just answer my purpose, but your intrusion here to-day proves that I was mistaken even in this. I supposed that here no curious eye would look in upon me, and yet it was near enough to Silverton for me to easily transport my materials from the railroad here. These things were shipped to Silverton. I hired a team and had but little trouble in moving them here by the road once used in hauling away the coal.

"It took me a long time to clear away the rubbish and mud which had congregated in and around this old mine since it had been vacated. But after a good deal of real hard work it was accomplished, and I began my experiment in real earnest.

"The globe there was first erected, as you now see it, but not until many attempts at it had been made and only a failure the result. You see, it weighs over a ton, and for one man to roll it upon that foundation and then to erect it, took a long time and the help of a good many ropes and pulleys, but the task was accomplished and I had it secured in its place. That partition you see, which divides the globe into two rooms, I was a week in placing in position and cementing air tight. It is made of the finest of steel; the manufacturer said it was the finest piece of workmanship they ever did and it is of great strength, though only one-one-hundredth of an inch in thickness. Those air pumps were then placed in position and a connection made from one of them to the upper room in the globe and from the other to the lower room in the globe. Those wires through each room were then placed there. Their use is to aid the pumps in creating a more rarified condition of the atmosphere within the globe by being heated with a current of electricity from the dynamo yonder. The telephone speaking boxes, phonograph, electric lights, registers, levers and other machinery you see here were then placed in position with their proper connections and I began work on the contrivance which I expected to act as the connecting link between the contrivances in this room and the supposed to exist sound orbits which, as far as I knew, might be a hundred miles away up yonder toward the sun. I had procured for this purpose a large balloon, over which was secured a thin plate of copper one hundred feet in diameter, much like a great umbrella, with the balloon as the handle. The copper roof was connected by a wire to the storage batteries and the partition in this room. My

reasoning on this point was like this: If it is possible to send an electric current from the roof of a moving train to a wire stretched on telegraph poles along the track and to receive a current therefrom without connections, I can, on the same principle, complete the circuit through my powerful storage batteries and copper plate roof, so as to tap the current flying through its orbit up there.

"All was at last ready, and two weeks ago last Monday I arose from my bed, where I had slept but little the past few nights, the interest in my work being so great, quivering with excitement and anxious to try my machinery. I did not stop to cook any breakfast, but took a cold lunch. By eight o'clock I had the balloon filled, the copper sheet adjusted and firmly attached to the ribs supporting it, and all fastened to the top of the balloon. From the copper sheet I secured the wire, two miles long, the other end of which was connected with the machinery in here. All was ready and I stepped to the reel, and, not without some haste and excitement, I allowed the rope holding the balloon to play out, and it rapidly arose. Up it went, higher and higher, until the two miles of wire and rope had been played out. I then rushed down to this room to view the progress of my experiment and to complete the preparations. Nothing strange could I see; not a sound in the telephone; not a spark of electricity was shown by the register, from which I could see that no circuit had yet been formed. I then started the air pump connected with the lower globe room and allowed it to run until the automatic stop-cock closed it, thus indicating that it could exhaust no more. An electric current was then run through the wire in that

room, and had been going on but a few moments when the partition fell with a crash.

"The experiment was all stopped then for that time, or until the damage was repaired. Impatiently I wound down the balloon and allowed the hot air and gas to escape and went to work again to secure the steel partition in position. This time I secured it with these stay bolts, which were passed through the glass and secured with taps on the outside. During the next three days and part of the nights I worked before it was again ready for trial, but a lesson had been learned. I had been taught that no partition that I could place in that glass globe could stand the air pressure from above, so in the future I would exhaust each room alike and thus remove the immense pressure from the partition. Again all was ready and the balloon sent up; again the pumps were started; but this time both were started together. This work proceeded until both stops had closed and the current then sent through the lower room, that the conditions surrounding the lower pole might be the same as that around the upper one, two miles up in the air. This was soon stopped and a connection made between the storage battery and the steel partition, which at once began to glisten with the electric current passing through it. I next noticed that a piece of wood, which came in contact with the wire up near the roof, was smoking, and I then knew that a circuit had been formed somewhere above. The lever which connected the telephone with the instrument had now to be moved, and so great was my excitement that I could hardly move that little lever where I wanted it.

"You will never be able to imagine the leap my heart

took when the telephone gave out a few sharp clicks, similar to those from a telegraph instrument, yet that was all, and after awhile I sat down discouraged and wondered what next to do. By and by, I thought I would let a little air into the upper room, for the conditions in the globe might not be the same as those at the other end of the wire.

"Well, just what happened I do not know. The room seemed to suddenly fill with balls of lightning, and the blanket in the door there took its flight; then the mountain trembled and quaked; I heard an awful report, and when I awoke and looked at my watch I saw that time had flown on two hours. There was no change within the room, except that the wire from above had been burned off and now hung swinging from the ceiling. I went out and looked around. I saw trees uprooted, actually pulled out by the roots; great rocks had been loosened and rolled down into the valley below. All was confusion about the mountain top."

Our friends looked at each other, and the doctor spoke up:

"This explains what we could not understand yesterday, about the conditions on the other side of the mountain; and, by the way, did you not have a miniature affair of this kind, yesterday, friend?"

"Yes, I forgot to make the proper connections at one time, and before I could get to that lever yonder, it had begun to shake things up a little," he answered, and then continued:

"Well," to continue, "I soon concluded that I had made a connection with a mightier current up there than I had intended. I then determined to try the machine

without charging the partition so heavy, and, before beginning again, a safety connection was run down into the ground to moist soil, so that, if found necessary, I might switch the business off into the ground if it made a show of too much power. The pumps and electric current again did their duty, and, when all was ready, the connecting lever was again moved and I suddenly became aware that a mighty battle of words was being turned loose here. I heard the shouts of officers and men, the boom of cannon and the rattle of musketry, the groans of the dying and the shouts of the victorious, until I stood horror struck and could stand it no longer, so turned on the air and it instantly ceased.

"A happier and more astonished man could not have been found in all Pennsylvania than I was just at that time. My theory for the changing of the ambitions of the human race was to be realized at last. The panacea for the ills and the sorrows of the human race had been found, for where was there to be found a man who would do many wicked acts, when he knew that those very acts and words would be public property at once.

"But I soon found that there were still great difficulties in the way. This sound of battle would not do it all. I must solve the way to reach all the other sound orbits and bring out their secrets. I tried the machine again and again and soon found that the different orbits were reached by the difference in the air within the two rooms in the globe. The more rarified the air the higher and older the circuit of sound it would reach, and I soon learned the amount it took to reach a certain height or date. The amount of electricity that it used on the partition also affects the reach of the machine. With the

machine I have not been able to reach an earlier period than B. C. 3,000 yet.

"It seems as years rolled on and new sounds or disturbances were produced, the former ones were forced higher and higher, until the machine that will go higher than B. C. 3,000 must be extremely sensitive. I have arranged the amounts of electricity and exhaustion of the globe rooms necessary to reach a given period, under control of these marked notches, and can give you, on short notice, for research around a certain date, any sound ever made, from Noah's time down the avenue of ages to the present time.

"Let us further demonstrate its power," he said, as he stepped to the register and moved the lever to a slot marked "Now," saying at the same time that he had not perfected the machine so that he could get down to the hours, but he could come within a day of any time no more remote than a hundred years, and that it was not so complete that it would not now and then attract an unlooked-for current, which would make the old mountain tremble. They remembered that only yesterday it cut up just such a caper as that. He was interrupted here by a shout, and then the following began:

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I am much pleased at having this opportunity of talking to this vast, bright and intelligent audience on the political issues of the day."

"Enough of that political speech to suit me," said the operator, as he stepped to the side of the room and slightly moved a lever, which, he said, caused the copper cover of the balloon to tilt to one side and thus to attract another current, which was soon manifest by a sound of

glasses, the low curse and drunken laughter from some saloon. Again the lever was changed and the sound of voices in the Chinese language was heard. The next change brought the sounds made by an immense flock of geese in some Northern lake. After a few more changes there was heard the sound of a locomotive whistle and the cry of a brakesman, "Silverton," and the operator sat down with our friends to listen. Soon a voice, which the doctor recognized as from one of his patients, piped out:

"Well, I don't care what you say about it, that doctor charged an awful price, anyway. He knew full well that we would pay his bill, so worked it to keep me down just as long as I could stand it. You was a fool for paying it, sir, and I don't care who knows it either."

The machine then seemed to catch up another current from the same city, and our friends recognized the voices of two prominent business men in a heated difficulty over some business matter. The train then made a great noise as it rumbled into town, a wagon was heard passing over the pavement, a child cried, a boy yelled, and all sorts of sounds came on. Then came the sound from some old woman gossip, in a whisper:

"They do say that Preacher Elverton is making love to Betty Popkins. Wonder what his wife would say if she knew it?"

The operator noticed the color in the preacher's face come and go and he seemed to be ill, so he shut off the thing, lest the preacher should faint.

Then up spoke the doctor, who had been so mad at what he had heard about himself that he had hardly noticed what had been said about the preacher:

"Yes, that's it. Ride night after night at the beck and

nod of a cranky old woman, only to be cursed for it at last. The next time she sends for me I'll be away."

"That was not half as bad about you as about me, Doctor," said the preacher. "What do you think of that? Did you know that I was sparking another woman than my wife? I believe I know the voice and I'll go and astonish her, you may rest assured, by telling her that I heard her say it. Guess it will cure her of gossiping, for a while at least. But, sir, when it becomes known that such a machine is in existence, won't it have a wonderful tendency to keep people's mouths closed on things which ought not to be uttered? The long looked for, prayed for, cure for these ills of the human race."

"Yes," spoke up the operator, "with this machine I can catch the last gasp and word of the murdered man and detect the murderer, if he spoke or made a noise, and find out the cause if a wordy battle led to the act. I can trace to its rightful source any scandal, hear a million things not intended for the public ear; parade before the world the words and tone used by the man who drives the poor widow from the last roof, and record the last sigh and sob of the afflicted; the hard speeches of men against their neighbors; the secret consultation of the robber band planning for the next crime; show up the home-life of one who makes such a high profession and prove the truth or falsity thereof, and thousands of other things."

A long time they talked about the possibilities of the invention. Many a question our friends put to the stranger, and among other things he told them that he expected to so perfect the machine that he could take up the current for any hour and any part of the world as he wished.

He said that he had not yet learned the exact order of these currents and much guess work was necessary before finding the one looked for. He told them that he hoped with its use to change the affairs of government, by cutting out all dishonesty, and stop a greater part of the crimes of the present time by being informed of their plans before their execution. A more equal distribution of the wealth would be brought about, by causing the wealthy to know more of the needs and suffering of the poor, and, in fact, to make the human race feel its brotherhood and dependence upon one another more than now. After the conversation began to lag a little, the doctor requested Mr. Allerton to "turn that 'air thing loose again," as he wanted to hear something more.

The lever was moved again to the notch marked "Now," and the tilting lever moved again, and the machine began on a current wholly unexpected to the listeners. At first they simply listened to what it said, then they began to get interested; the doctor's teeth set firmly together, he hardly drew his breath, but sat and listened. The preacher sat and held to the bench, his hair slowly rising on end. The color left the faces of all the men. They sat there like men of stone, riveted to their seats by the words they were listening to. It went on and on. They looked at one another with blanched faces, seemingly terror-stricken. Then Allerton arose and stepped over to the phonograph to see if this wonderful occurrence was being recorded. Yes, it was. The phonograph was slowly revolving and the steel point was making the record thereof in the cylinder's covering. For more than an hour they sat and listened before it was over, and the ma-

chine took up other sounds. Then it was shut off. Allerton now turned to his companions, saying:

"We have no time to waste. This calls for action. We must be up and away and stop that terrible affair."

They carefully laid their plans, each man taking a part to do. The preacher said he could call in another preacher to fill his pulpit, and the doctor had a friend whom he could turn his patients over to, and they would be away on their great mission. The balloon was wound down and put away, and everything was straightened around for a few weeks' absence of its owner, and the three men hastily left the cave, and going out and around the mountain top found the team, and were soon speeding away toward Silverton.

CHAPTER IV.

"The best laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft aglee"—*Burns.*

The hotels in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa., had been overflowing for the past four or five days, and it seemed as if the city could not supply the demand for lodging made upon them by the vast number of strangers who were continually pouring in, and that, too, without any apparent cause.

Editors discussed the reason; bankers wondered what it meant; real estate dealers looked for a boom in the value of their property, thinking that the people had become suddenly aware of the advantages of their city; the managers of the seventy furnaces and iron mills wondered what called so many visitors around their mills; but the churches did not notice any increase in their attendance. The chief of police, fearing trouble of some kind, doubles the police force and writes the governor that an unusual number of toughs are in the city and that he fears an outbreak of some kind.

It is Saturday night, and the town clocks have just struck eleven. The number of pedestrians on the streets seems to suddenly diminish. Have they gone to their couches? Ah, no. See those dark objects moving swiftly up each dark alley? They all have one destination in view. So many dark objects pass this street and then that one, that the police begin to wonder what is going to happen.

Look. Do you see that smoke yonder, up the Allegheny? not one but two, three, yes, half a dozen steam-

boats send up their smoky signals. Look now down the Monongahela; a scene like that from the north. They come nearer and nearer to their several landings. A stream of men file out of the boats and congregate on the banks there. What have they from which the moon sends cold, shivering rays? They are guns. They move from the north and from the south toward one point yonder, where a tall dark building stands, forth from which flickers the light of a blast furnace. Each company nears a common point; they halt, and then seem to slowly fade away in the darkness, and not a form is seen. All is calm and quiet. What does it mean? There, did you see that object as it moved out into view? It came from the direction of the city, and stands there in the dim moonlight. Look; another comes, now another, now by twos and threes; then they come by scores. They are forming on that level plain. Now they move slowly forward. They have something under their arms, which the moon's rays show up as guns; some have axes, some mauls, some clubs and others different weapons. They march on in the direction of the place where the first seen company so lately disappeared.

"Halt, who goes there?"

See, before that company of black objects, which a short time ago emerged from the city, arises a lonely man who sends out on the startled air these sounds. He has a shining Winchester in his hands.

Do you see that fleeting black object off there to the right? On and on he goes, not halting until after he has passed through alley after alley and at last stands within a telegraph office. Listen, the click, click of the instrument as it starts with its message, on and on with the

speed of the lightning, until its message is laid down on the table before the waiting chief executive of the land. A few marks are made on the paper by that official, a name is signed, and away goes that subtile something on its message of duty. In a dozen or more cities its flashes are recorded. Men, who have stars on their coats, arise from their seats and go out into the night, wondering why that duty is to be performed, and why the order was sent by the president. A score or more of prominent men answer the knock at their doors, only to meet face to face with the men, with the stars, and with faces paled with fear they accompany him to the strong house and hear the creak of its iron door as it moves on its hinges, securing them for the balance of the night, but not to sleep, only to wonder on through the night what was being done by the company of men at Pittsburgh, and what their being arrested had to do with the plot, or if some one had given their secret away.

Before the echoes of the lone man's voice had died away on the air surrounding Pittsburgh, a rough bass voice replied, sternly, if not fiendishly:

"Surrender, sir. Throw up your hands or I'll shoot," and a keen eye looked along a smooth rifle barrel toward the lone man, who did not flinch, but quickly raised his gun to his shoulder and replied:

"Surrender? Never. Drop that gun. I say, drop that gun. I am the guard here and have authority to shoot you down if you do not immediately obey."

"Sir," replied the leader of the band, "We are here for business, and mean just what we say. Lay down your gun, or I shall order my men to fire upon you," and he advanced upon the lone man.

"Stop. Do not take another step in advance, or you die," came back the reply in a tone that carried its true meaning with it, and seemed to set fire to the already strained passions of the band, who could stand the force thereof but little longer without doing something terrible.

The town clock in the distance struck twelve. It was Sunday.

There was a momentary pause, and the leader turned toward his men; then a wave of the hand; then a dozen flashes of light upon the darkness of the night; a form falls to the ground; when, Oh! My God! What means that rising line of dark objects? What means those leveled Winchesters? What means that awful gleam of the eye from those holding the guns? What means that long line of shining guns, pointing toward the band, in front, behind, at the sides? Will the triggers be pressed? Will the scene run with blood? Will souls go out to meet their God from a mighty conflict here?

With blanched faces and trembling limbs, the members of the band look upon the sudden transformation of the scene, from one man, one shining barrel, to thousands.

The falling man arises, and drawing himself up to his full height, for he is but slightly injured, he speaks:

"I say, surrender, and for the last time before we fire. We know what you are up to. We know your intentions. Lay down your guns, or I shall give the signal to start this blood spilling in dead earnest, for you failed in what you wished and intended toward me."

There is a hushed pause, then a few muttered curses; the leader turns toward his men and speaks a few words. Each man of the band then slowly lowers his gun to the

ground. They are then turned about and "Forward, march!" is the command given. They start toward the ships, in which they are placed for safe keeping, awaiting orders from Washington.

Thus, "Failed" is written across this attempt of organized anarchy to gain control of capital's property. Whether the aggravations of the times would justify such an attempt, we leave for wiser heads than ours to solve.

The day of trial for those arrested at Pittsburgh comes off at once; they receive their several sentences, and are distributed in the several prisons to work out their times. But the score of men arrested in distant cities as being the leaders and instigators of the attempted rebellion (in which it was expected to gain control of the mills at Pittsburgh first; the trains would then be stopped, hence no soldiers could be rushed there for some time, and when they once were there, many other cities would thus be taken charge of and held; thus forcing, as they expected, capital to come to their demands, which were not modest in the least), are next to be tried.

Their pleas are, "Not guilty."

The men who were to endure the danger were easily convicted, but these men think that no evidence can be found against them and, with a great show of bravery and innocence, they stand for trial. The jury is chosen and all is ready for the prosecution, yet but three men are present as witnesses, our two Silverton friends and their strangely found companion.

These events have been the means of raising the interest and excitement of the people of the Union, as well as of all the civilized world, to its highest pitch, and the eyes and ears of the people are strained to their

utmost to catch all that was possible of this trial. The daily papers have their reporters and telegraph operators in the court room by scores, and it seemed as if all the country was on tip-toe of expectation to hear the news from this great trial.

The last juror has been chosen and the lawyers on both sides now announce their readiness to proceed with the trial. One of the attendants brings in a stand, upon which is placed a phonograph, as the first witness.

Strange witness, surely.

The lawyer for the prosecution has explained that they expect to prove that the men, in secret council met, concocted the rebellion attempted, and are in reality the principals in the scheme, and the first evidence offered will be a verbatim report of that secret council.

Mr. Allerton comes forward, is sworn, and then takes his seat at the side of the instrument.

A lever is moved and the cylinder of the phonograph begins to revolve, and from the mouthpiece comes these words:

"The secretary will now call the roll. Be quiet, gentlemen, and those who do not wish to participate in these proceedings and take their stand with us will please retire at once. No one leaves. Gentlemen, as your names are called, you will proceed to the secretary's desk, and take the oath and sign your names. Proceed, Mr. Secretary. George McLaughlin, come forth and sign the oath and take the vow."

A momentary silence follows.

"Mr. McLaughlin signs and takes the oath. So record it, Mr. Secretary."

At the recital of these things there was consternation among the prisoners at the bar, many a face, from which the blood had fled, telling of the fear back of it.

The long roll proceeds; each name called, to be answered by the chairman: "He takes the oath and vow. So record it, Mr. Secretary."

The roll call is over only when each man's name, who sits in the prisoner's box, is called and receives the chairman's reply.

"Now, gentlemen, we are ready for business," rattles on the machine.

"The plan of this movement has been written out and will now be read by the secretary."

"*Whereas*, We hold the balance of power at the ballot, if united and given a free trial thereof, or at the bayonet if forced thereto, and,

"*Whereas*, We have proven that at the ballot we can never be successful, so much of our element being ruled by wealth through the influence brought to bear by the necessities we have to meet; therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That we unite in the use of the bayonet and strike the blow at once that shall now and forever free us from the chains capitalists have bound about us; and, be it further

"*Resolved*, That the following be the plan of action in striking that blow: At twelve o'clock on the first night in November next, all the blast furnaces, iron and steel mills, glass factories, locomotive and engine, safe, brass, copper, bronze, tin and all other works of like nature in Pittsburgh, Pa., be seized and held by force. We have the power to do so. We will send a small army down there very quietly, to get control; then our organizations throughout the country will prevent the movement of troops in there to recapture it. No railroad train nor canal boat shall be moved after word is sent out by

the different officers in charge of this movement. Each one who is recorded here to-night will be placed at the following points to arrange for and oversee the movement and to prevent the recapture of the cities."

Then followed the list of the names of the prisoners at the bar, with the names of the cities where each had been arrested.

The machine still rattled on, giving the full details of the plan and many short speeches which had been delivered by those present, all followed by the calling of the roll for voting on the plan and resolutions, and each one was recorded as voting "Aye."

Wonderful evidence. But can it be proven that it has come from a reliable source? Is it true? Was it taken by some one near at hand, unknown to the assembly?

A whole nation awaits in suspense the proving of the testimony.

Mr. Allerton is now asked to explain the source of this evidence and the proofs of its reliability. He arises and addresses the judge and jury:

"Your Honor and Gentlemen of the Jury: I have made a machine by which I am enabled to catch the sounds floating around in space, no matter where or when uttered. Some time ago I was experimenting with it, when the sounds recorded in that phonograph and just spoken were brought down and uttered to me."

"What is that you say?" asked the judge. "Do you mean to tell us that you could hear sounds made in a closed room, in a distant city, by the aid of a machine you have made?"

"That is just what I mean," was the reply.

"Such visionary evidence as this will need some very clear proof before admitted. Explain your machine to us."

"Well, to make a long story short, I will tell you why I made it and how it works; then for the proof will take you to it and let it prove its own testimony. We are taught that sound is the undulations of the ether which fills space. So is light. Now, light travels on and on, never ceasing. Why not sound? Electricity is probably undulation also, and it travels in circuits; so do the suns and moons of the universe. Light also may travel in immense orbits. If the suns and planets, light, electricity, etc., go on unceasingly, why not sound? And if it does, where are those circuits? I reasoned that they must fly around high up on the surface of the atmosphere. I made a machine to test this reasoning, and as the telegraph operator catches the current flying along the wire by the track from the roof of the car, so I have caught these sounds, flying along their orbit, high up yonder," he answered, pointing upward. "In proof of this I am ready to put on the stand these two men," pointing to our Silverton friends, "who have seen and heard it, and also to accompany you to the machine itself, and let you both see and hear it."

There was a breathless silence in the room as the doctor and preacher came to the stand, were sworn and severally verified the statements of Mr. Allerton.

The judge then announced the court adjourned, that the jury as well as himself might accompany Mr. Allerton to the machine.

The telegraph flashes the news of this wonderful discovery to the length and breadth of the land, and

across the water to the Eastern world. The papers contain little else than the news of this trial, the testimony and its source. Many laugh at the idea and doubt the sanity of the man who offered it. A special train is chartered to take the judge, jury, reporters and others to Silverton.

They reach the once quiet little city, now filled with people from every direction. Teams are soon secured, and in a short time one of the longest processions ever seen in that part of the country is on the way to the mountain.

The cave is reached, the judge, jury and a few reporters allowed to enter, and impatiently the throng outside awaits the filling and the ascension of the balloon. Slowly the great thing swells up and, when loosed from its moorings, rises upward as fast as the wires and ropes will play out. It reaches the desired altitude and the operator re-enters the cave, where anxiously awaits the crowd. The lever is soon moved and the first message that comes out from this most wonderful of all inventions is the roar, din and confusion, the shouts and the cries, mingled with the crash of falling buildings at the awful flood of Conemaugh. The affrighted listeners leap to their feet, thinking that the mountain, which surrounds them, is coming down to crush the whole company. There is a rush for the door, but Mr. Allerton sees the consternation and quickly stops the terrible story. With some persuasion and explanations they are again led to enter the room, while the operator now moves the lever in the direction of a notch marked "Washington, 1830," when this greets them:

"Mr. President, when the mariner has been tossed

for many days, in thick weather and on an unknown sea, he naturally avails himself of the first pause in the storm, the earliest glance of the sun, to take his latitude and ascertain how far the elements have driven him from his true course. Let us imitate his prudence, and before we float further on the waves of this debate, refer to the point from which we departed, that we may at least be able to form some conjecture of where we now are. I ask for the reading of the resolution."

Had the listeners not quoted parts of this speech in their debates and speeches at school, long before this? And did they not at once recognize the words of Webster's great speech? But, ah! never before did they hear the matchless eloquence of that voice as they now heard it, and they began to realize how it was that Webster could move that vast throng before him.

The lever was moved again, and the testimony they had listened to in the court room was again offered up in evidence.

A full explanation of the machine and its workings was made, every word of which the reporters gathered, which fully satisfied the judge and jury.

It did not take long after their return for the jury to hand in their verdict, no defense being made by the prisoners.

Millions of people read the reports sent out from Silverton that day, and anxiously did all civilized nations await a full explanation of this strange invention. Nothing else seemed thought of. No man's name is used as often as that of Trafford Allerton, the commercial traveler and inventor. He is bewildered with the attention shown him, the telegrams and letters sent him, the myriad of

reporters who hang around him, and the millions of money offered for the sole right and use of the invention, by wire and cable, from kings, queens and potentates.

He sits down in his room in the modest little hotel in Silverton, dazed and bewildered. His mind seems to totter for a moment; he reels and would have fallen to the floor, but the door opens and in comes that sweet-faced, blessed woman, his mother, with the tears dampening the wrinkles in her cheeks and adding moisture to those lips. She clasps him to her breast, and then sitting him in the chair, plants kiss after kiss upon his brow. God bless the mothers of our boyhood and manhood; always present when needed, with tender touch, sweet words and a glistening tear drop to quiet us down and hold our feelings in check.

"God bless you, my son; but remember that you are but a man. Do not allow this success to turn your head and destroy your past good disposition. Be a man. Be humble. I would rather you had never made this great discovery than that it should make you vain, cold and distant. I would much prefer you as you always have been—kind, loving, quiet Trafford—even if poverty and affliction should come, than to have you like so many otherwise great men, though wealth and fame be piled around you mountain high."

Trafford looked up. His gaze met a look of sublime love and tenderness which sank down into his innermost being; his hand was raised and placed against the warm cheek of his mother, and he replied:

"If ever a man had a jewel of a mother, I am that man. Mother, by the help of Heaven's throng, I'll never

be other than the boy I was when I knelt at your knee. See, mother, I kneel there again as of yore; please talk to our Father for me." And with her head bowed upon her son's shoulder; the mother offered a prayer of such simple trust and faith that the son arose, never to forget that blessed moment, nor to depart from its requests.

For a time the excitement caused by the discovery seemed to hide the scenes at the trial, conviction and sentence of the prisoners, but slowly the nation lost its excitement and settled down to its normal condition.

While the world had reason to be thankful that another war had been averted, yet the conditions which led up to those events remained the same as ever. Men who had heretofore sneered at the power of anarchy now had their eyes opened to the immense power under its control. Self-protection is the first law of nature, and they now began to look around for a plan of protection. Money would not protect against bomb-shell and cannon, when in the hands of such a secret band among our population. While the statesmen and politicians of the nation wrestled with these mighty problems, Allerton was perfecting his machine.

He further reasoned that if sound is motion, and can be grasped, light is also motion, and why cannot it be grasped and shown to the astonished world, although its undulations may be thousands or hundreds of thousands more per second, yet he thought they could be secured. He took a tour of the country, examining all the electrical appliances, crossed the Atlantic and continued his research there, until he had studied all he could find, then returned and made a machine, upon nearly the same principle as his sound machine, only much more sensitive. A very

sensitive magnetic plate was placed to one side and a little above the sound plate on the balloon, and instead of one electric pole being placed under the center of the plate, one was placed above it as well as under, each having connections to the same wire, which was thus enabled to catch the vibrations in each direction and with inconceivable rapidity. So great was the rapidity of the vibrations, that the best instrument he had, which would measure up as high as a million a second, would not solve the problem of the number of vibrations per second, to light. This was then connected with an instrument in the cave, composed of a glass globe, with a magnetic partition, so arranged that the air might be exhausted and give the same conditions as surrounded the other end up in the balloon. The electric charged poles above and below this plate were connected with a large magnetic plate suspended from the side of the room, upon which the electric changes were to be produced, in the copy of the long ago scene. The telegraph instruments were upon tables around the room, which were connected with the offices of the great newspapers throughout the land. The day appointed for the trial came, and the cave was filled with scientists and reporters, to its fullest capacity. The nation was again on tip-toe of expectation, anxiously awaiting the result.

When all was ready, Mr. Allerton stepped up to the table, upon which were arranged the buttons, which dated the time of the scene wanted, and pressed in the button marked "1892."

The electric motor began its vibrations, the pumps began to groan, the registering lever on the wall rapidly neared the slot marked "1892." All eyes were turned

toward it; nearer and nearer it came, then with a sharp click it fell into its place. The plates within each globe flashed for a moment, then the complete circuit was formed, and the sound machine, which was also connected, gave out a low sound, much like the sighing of the wind through the tree tops; but look at that reflector on the wall. There plainly is shown the bosom of a calm flowing river, down whose current can plainly be seen a boat gliding noiselessly toward the city yonder. Looking closely you can see vast throngs of people upon the river's bank, near the city. All is so still within the room, and so perfect is the work of the invention, that you can plainly hear the screech of the owl in the distance and plainly see the ripples on the river. The boat stops in mid-river and then slowly turns toward the bank and the people congregated there. Slowly the boat nears the bank, and the metallic sheet on the wall seems to tremble with excitement; nearer and nearer; a form arises from the mass of forms on the boat, and, as it reaches the bank, attempts to land. A crowd moves down from the bank, near to the water's edge, then pauses. A few muttered curses issue from the sounder. There is a brilliant flash upon the screen, a sharp report from the sounder, then a groan, and you see the form on the reflector fall. The excitement is so great and the attention of those present so riveted to the picture on the wall, that the telegraph instruments are silent for some time, then there goes out to the world these dots and dash: . . . . . — . . . . . (success).

A half hour of spell-bound watchfulness follows, and the operator touches the lever, breaks the circuit, and the reflector is blank and the sounder silent, and the scenes

and sounds from Homestead's disgraceful scene are gone. And now the electric fluid leaps across the continent and dips beneath the ocean in its haste to tell of the opened secrets once locked up in Nature's secure recesses. It tells the story to the astonishment of the Old World, then on it goes to tell and re-tell it, until it has spanned the globe in its jubilant activity.

How the happy newsboy yelled, "Allerton's machine a howling success. Here's the latest, only a penny." How eagerly millions of eyes read the news, and many enthusiastic ones shouted, leaped and wept for joy. They talked of what it would do, they sung of it, they dreamed of it, they wrote about it.

'Twas done. The great secret that Nature had been groaning to be delivered of was opened to the astonished world of humanity. No more guess work about the past, but certainty brought down to our households, just as it happened, though forgotten and lost to view down the misty aisles of the past. No more going to Switzerland to view the Alps, only to climb, dizzy-headed, to their summits, but now will we bring their grandeur and beauty down to our parlors; no more trips to Niagara to see its sights and hear its roar, we can have a Niagara at home; no more perilous attempts to reach the North Pole, but we will turn our machine on her and bring her scenes to our door, robbed of her frigidity, for we will see her snowdrifts and icebergs while seated at our parlor fires; no more guess work about Moses, David, Solomon, John the Baptist, Herod, Pharaoh, Paul, and how a thousand other men looked, we'll bring out from the heavens above us their photographs, and hear them talk and see their expressions at the same time; no more

having the Christ of all ages and lands, painted Italian by Italy's artist, nor German by Germany's, nor Hottentot by their man, nor American by ours; but we will see Him face to face; hear His words of wonderful tenderness; see that countenance, brighter than the noonday sun, and fall at His feet and worship Him.

The door of Nature is now unlocked, which shall cause a transformation in the methods of government, a change in the business affairs of life. It shall prove the brotherhood of man and drive out the poverty of the land; will put a quietus on crime; will stop the blow before struck, and will cause the half-uttered curse to die upon the lips. Each human being's actions and words are placed at the disposal of his neighbor, and it is a wonderful incentive for him to behave well and use only such language as he wishes to come up before the many homes of our land. But how shall this change be brought down to a working basis? How shall the great transformation be ushered in? Not by might, God forbid. But if a neighbor's crime come up before the face of the community, immediate justice will be meted out to him. The wickedness of the king, if opened to the gaze of his subjects, would cost him his neck. The trickery of the politician would cost him his office and place in the party. If some of the past life of the wife or husband becomes the property of the other in this way, the divorce court would be rushed to its fullest capacity. How, then, can this great change be brought about peaceably? Past advancements only open the way to new problems. A new danger now threatens the government. Are all the dishonesties of the government officials to be spread before the public gaze, together with their methods of getting there? Is every dollar expended

for liquor and votes to be accounted for? Are the methods of judges and juries to be ventilated? Are all the crimes of the criminal to come up before the face of the one injured? Is the lie uttered to be shown false? Can all this be done and any power be found to prevent immediate anarchy and single-handed warfare until the race is exterminated? No. This invention must be used with care, and only at certain occasions and for certain purposes, or the latter end will be worse than the former, and pandemonium ensue. Something must be done to prevent its indiscriminate use, and the distribution of the information thus secured. God's greatest blessings may be turned into the greatest curses, if man fails to follow the plan of operation. The electric fluid, instead of propelling our trains and lighting our streets and a thousand other useful works, may burn our buildings and take our life. The power generated by a great dam of water may come down and destroy the city. The dynamite cartridge, which ought to be used in blasting and like useful deeds, may destroy our finest dwellings and take the lives of our best people. Man's God-given freedom may be turned to the commission of the greatest crimes. All Nature's elements may be so turned. Then, how to prevent the use of this discovery, from which so many grand things are expected, from being turned into a curse, was the problem that stared the nation in the face.

CHAPTER V.

"Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."—*Tennyson.*

The day has been bright and clear and not cold for a January day. The sun has sunk to rest behind the mountains which lay beyond the city of Everett. The wind, which has been blowing very gently all day, has now increased to a strong north wind, blowing before it dark, lowering clouds. The cold was fast becoming severe, and by ten o'clock the snow was being driven in blinding sheets before the wind and the mercury registered many degrees below freezing.

"Father," said Neva Tyrole, who was seated in an easy chair in the banker's pleasant parlor in one of the finest houses in the city, "is Mr. Peterson, that man who was hurt last spring, any better?"

"No, Neva, I believe not, and I heard to-day that his wife was sick with the typhoid fever. I fear this will be a hard night on them, as no one will probably venture out to care for them, the night is so bad," was the banker's reply.

"Well, father, they must be seen to. I have now been away two weeks and do not know how they have got along. Please tell John to hitch up, I must go and see how they are cared for this dreadful night."

"Oh, no; you could not go up there this time of the night. Wait until morning," he replied.

"No, I cannot wait. I could not sleep well to-night without knowing that they are all right. I must go," was the answer.

The banker knew what it meant to try and change her mind when she was bent on acts of mercy, so arose to go and call John, when the mother began and tried to get the daughter's consent to let the father go, but she knew the father would not take the interest she would in them, and would consent to nothing but a visit herself.

"How could father care for a poor sick woman?" was her reply.

The team was soon ready and Neva, wrapped in warm cloaks, with a bundle from the pantry under her arm, stepped out into the dark and was soon driven away by trusty John. After a cold drive through a dark, stormy night, the horses were halted before the door of a two-room house, which was set back from the road part way up the mountain side. The young lady alighted from the carriage and, stepping up to the door, grasped the knob and walked in; she had been there so often before that she had long since learned to go right in without the formality of knocking. Within the room was a scene she had not expected to see. In one corner of the room upon a bed lay a woman, so sick that she did not know any one had come in. Three children were sound asleep at the foot of the bed, and upon the floor at the side of the bed lay the form of a man. No fire was in the stove, and the candle had nearly burned out. Neva stepped up to the man and touched him, when she saw that he was insensible. John was called in and they began to work with the man, having first started a fire, but it was a long time before he returned to consciousness. The man was there-

after soon warmed up so as to be able to tell his astonished visitors that they had been alone all day, and that after the children had crawled into bed and gone to sleep they had no one to keep up the fire, and he had attempted to get up and start it. Not having used his limbs since the team ran over him in the spring, they failed him, and he supposed he fainted away. He then went on to tell her that the lady who had been intrusted with the task of taking care of them in Neva's absence had called but once, and his wife had been down ten days and he was afraid she was going to die.

After a good deal of questioning and some looking around the room, it was learned that they had not had a good meal for a week. "We have had but little to make a fire of until to-day," he said. "The delivery wagon brought up some coal and wood, and the man who brought it said that some stranger down town paid for it and said that he would come up and see us to-night."

Neva turned to John and told him he might go home now, but be sure to stop on the way and tell the doctor to come up at once. So, after he had helped the crippled man into bed, he was soon gone, and the sick man, wearied by his pains and trouble, was soon asleep. Neva busied herself by bathing the sick woman's face and hands, washing the sleeping children's dirty faces and cleaning up the room. By and by the doctor came, examined the patients, left some medicine and went away, and all was silent.

Along about two o'clock there was a sound of feet at the door, voices were heard, and a knock at the door gave evidence that some one wanted admittance. She arose and opened the door, before which stood a man, who

asked if this was where Mr. Peterson lived. When answered in the affirmative, he stated that he had come up to inquire about the sick ones. She bid him come in, asking at the same time where the other man was, for she heard talking before he had knocked.

"That was a man whom I had hired to pilot me here," he said.

"But why come at this hour of the night?" she asked.

"I will explain, madam. I was traveling through here, when, just as we reached this place this afternoon, the engine broke down. While they were repairing it I went up town and at the hotel heard some one say that this man was sick and destitute. I sent him up some coal, thinking I should get time to come up and see what else he had need of, but the engineer has been telling us all day that he would be ready to start in a few moments, until about an hour ago he telegraphed for another engine, as this one could not be mended, and it would be four hours before that one reached here, so I thought I could well improve the time by coming up here."

Neva then explained who she was and how Mr. Peterson got injured, and when, also of their condition, how she had been away and had come in on the same train he did, and of her call and their condition when she found them.

The fire was now getting low, and as she started to replenish it, he noticed that the coal box was empty, and out he went and brought in the coal. She then informed him of the empty water bucket and where the well was to be found. While he was out after the water she began wondering who he was and what about his staying around very long. But reason came to the front and said to her,

"You need never fear harm from a man who will send coal to a poor stranger in a strange city and then come up here this awful night to see him." He soon returned and again took a seat by the stove.

"I hope," he said, "that my call at this unseemly hour has not frightened you, and, if my company will not be unwelcome to you, I would be pleased to help you care for these poor people until morning, but should you prefer it, I will return at once."

"You have already been so kind to them that I could not think of asking you to return to the city this bad night, but will be glad of your company," she replied.

They were soon conversing freely with one another, though in a low tone, so as not to disturb the sick, who were sleeping quietly. The subject she soon turned to that wonderful invention of Mr. Allerton's. He had heard of it, of course, and its construction, uses and future were fully discussed.

"I have often thought," said she, "that if such scenes as these seen here to-night could be fully known by the people, how much less pain and want there would be, for millions of people would help this poor family if they knew of the circumstances. I wish a way could be found to force people to look at just such distress as we see around us on every hand and that every day." She pictured the affairs of the land in a day when we all could and did know of the distress about us and were endeavoring to better it. She was so enthused with her subject that her eyes sparkled and she became really eloquent in her picture of the affairs then. They discussed of what "IT MIGHT BE" and ought to be, until the morning light began to send its cold gleams into the room. The stranger

then arose and remarked that if he proceeded on his journey he must start at once in order to reach the depot in time to catch the train, and further, he said that he was on his way to Washington, called there by the president, for consultation about the very same machine they had been talking about, but that before he left he wished to know her name, that he might have the privilege of knowing who he had been so pleasantly entertained by.

"My name is Neva Tyrole," she answered, "and may I have the pleasure of knowing your name?"

"I must first ask your pardon for not explaining my identity before this. My name is Trafford Allerton," saying which, and with a hearty good-bye, he was gone.

Not many days after these events, a call was sent out by the president for a general consultation convention to be held at Chicago thirty days hence. It was to be composed of three delegates from each state and territory, for each business represented in that state or territory. That is, there were to be from each state and territory three farmers, three lawyers, three bankers, three doctors, three preachers and so on through the catalogue of honest callings.

The object of the meeting the call explained as follows:

"It having become necessary to make some great changes in our methods of regulating the relations the several classes of people bear to one another, as seen in the unrest and anxiety manifested on every hand in the great amount of strikes, the countless robberies, the crimes of every sort and kind, the increasing number of failures in every branch of business and the general distrust and doubt on every hand, together with the fact that Congress is at a loss what to do to satisfy the masses in

their demands and the utter inability of our wisest men to patch up the old ship of state so that it will not leak in some vital point; therefore, I, the President of the United States of America, do hereby convene this convention for the purpose of consultation between the different lines of business represented in our land, to the end that we may in some manner arrive at a mutual understanding of the needs of state under the present form of government.

At the appointed time the great convention met, and was called to order by the president of the nation. The object of the meeting was stated, the necessary clerks elected and, in order that they might have order and system to their doings, the chairman called for a statement of the complaints and remedies asked for by each line of business.

The first to gain the floor was a lawyer, and he started out in eloquent shape to portray the difficulties surrounding his profession; how some of the big lawyers got all the cases and the little ones starved to death, and of the many ways the people had of settling their difficulties without going for a lawyer; of the many wills which ignorant men wrote out, and which defied the skill of the best lawyers to break; the many trials they have to get the many offices that have much pay and little work; and, by the way, said he, "We want that passage in the Bible, 'Woe to ye lawyers,' declared unconstitutional."

The editor then began his speech: "I tell you, my friends, this running a newspaper on promises is all bosh. Why don't they pay us as promptly as they do the grocer, the banker, or any other bills? We send a paper for ten years, only to have it put back in the post-office

at the end as refused. And there is the subject of news. Why, do you know that it takes our best reporters at least half an hour to find out a little scrap of news that ought to be given freely? Then there are mortgages, paper and postage bills, help hire and the *devil to pay.*" He wanted the government to make the paper and sell it to him at cost, and take delinquent subscription accounts in payment therefor, and he certainly wanted the libel laws repealed.

The farmer had been trying to get the floor all during these other speeches, and was now recognized by the president. His speech was in substance like this: "For the past ten years I have been selling my wheat for less than it cost me to produce it. I have sold cattle for one and one-half cents a pound that cost me four cents to produce. I have paid heavy taxes, exorbitant interest and about one-third the value of my produce to get it to market; then a good, big slice to the middle man. What I must have is: twice as much for what I have to sell as I now get, and must be able to buy the necessities of life at half their present cost; and the interest I pay must be as low as two per cent, at least. Then I can probably live."

The banker then arose and began: "I only wish that some of these people could look on two sides of a question. They talk of our high rates of interest and short time, when they know nothing about it. They point to the Bible as their authority on the usury question, when the fact is, the Bible says just as much about usury on other things as on money. The man who is well paid and satisfied to work for two dollars a day, with no long years of study behind it to learn how, and no capital

invested to lose, is taking a much higher rate of interest when there is a scarcity of labor and he raises his figures to three dollars a day, not because the man who must hire can afford it, but because he has the power to force him to do it, than we ever pretend to ask. Let me see: three dollars instead of two; a profit of one dollar, or fifty per cent a day, or about thirteen hundred in a month of twenty-six working days, or fifteen thousand and six hundred a year. How does that look up beside our ten or even twenty per cent a year? The man who sells a horse for $110, which cost him $100 yesterday, is making ten per cent a day, or three thousand six hundred a year. Oh, they say, this capital cannot be turned every day; neither can ours. If we had laws so arranged that we could always collect our accounts, then we would gladly talk about less interest."

The doctor then complained about dishonest patients, who would not give truthful answers to his questions, and then curse him if he did not properly diagnose the case and perfect a cure. He also complained of the quacks, who know nothing about disease or medicine, and did a great work for the undertakers and brought disgrace on the profession. "Our charges, too, would be much less if the people were as prompt to pay as they were to promise, when sick. We would cut off all the quacks and lots of the home practice, and thus improve the health of our people."

The saloon-keeper complained of prohibition and loss of personal liberty, and cried for license. He also wanted a law passed making it a misdemeanor to call a saloonist a robber, a slow murderer and man without a heart, etc.

He said he had no set speech prepared, as this was not their way of working conventions.

A lady, up near the speaker's stand, was on her feet the instant the saloonist sat down, and began:

"You may all speak of your troubles and difficulties, but they do not compare with our trials. We pay taxes, work just as hard as the men, yes, we lose the characters of our boys and girls, happiness and peace, suffer the pain and woe of living with a drunken husband or father, and many other afflictions, and you allow us not even the privilege of complaining and trying to aright the affairs around us. Just give us a blow at rum and its power, and we will with one awful sweep drive half of the misery, pain and woe from this land of ours. As a class we are your equals intellectually and far above you morally, and ought to have the same rights that men have. Freedom and equality is our cry."

The preacher made a speech and told the people that it would be much better if preachers' salaries were paid as other public men's wages were paid. Then they could go ahead and tell the people who professed one thing and lived another just what was to become of them, and not work an injury to himself by doing so.

The hired girl had a few complaints to lay before the convention for action. One was for more afternoons off; another for better pay; also for much more freedom in regard to the length of the time she could sit up with her affianced at night.

No one class seemed willing to give in, even for a little, to the opposite, and it began to look as though no plan could be settled upon, and that they were to go to their homes and allow the ever-widening chasm between

labor and capital to spread and spread until no possible way of settlement would be possible, but utter defeat and degradation of the weaker side. On and on the debate went for more than a week, until at last a motion is carried to adjourn *sine die* at four o'clock on the next afternoon, and they were just ready to adjourn that day's fruitless wrangle, when a telegram was handed the chairman, which was read before the convention. It was as follows:

"SILVERTON, PA.

"I'll be there to-morrow. Have received a great plan. It will be sure of acceptance. TRAFFORD ALLERTON."

It was with a good deal of anxiety that the nation awaited the results of the next day's action. For it did look as if no conclusion could be reached, and they would return home, only to allow matters to go on getting worse and worse, and the breach between the food producer and the food consumer to grow wider and wider.

What could the plan be that the great man of the age, Allerton, seemed to be so sure was the right one? Had he not done wonderful things in the past, and would he not, in some strange way, draw together again the estranged factions in our population? What was meant by his strange telegram, was the subject of the conversation on all sides that night.

CHAPTER VI.

"A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs."—*Thomson.*

"Father, I have never seen that renowned machine which Mr. Allerton made, and wish I could. I am sure he would grant me the privilege, if you will only let me go. You are one of the best fathers a girl ever had, and I don't believe you will say no, will you?" said Neva Tyrole to her father.

"Well, I don't know that I have any objections, if your mother can be induced to go with you."

"You may rest assured that means go, for mother, long ago, consented to go, and this morning's mail brought me an invitation from Mr. Allerton to come down and see and hear it."

Mrs. Tyrole entered the room just then, and Neva turned toward her and continued:

"Oh, mother, father says we can go to Silverton. So let's get ready and go in the morning."

"Very well. I can go as well then as any time, I think, and will be very glad of the opportunity of seeing such a wonderful machine."

So it was settled that they were to go on the morning's train, and preparations were made accordingly, and in due season they arrived at Silverton and were driven by the liveryman to the cave in the mountain, where they found Mr. Allerton busy, trying to study out something

new for his machine to do; and with Trafford they found that gentleman's mother, who had been with him about a week.

The great machine was the source of much interesting study to Neva, but she soon learned the whys and wherefores of its many levers and wheels, and many were the hours they all spent watching the canvas and listening to the stories of the long ago

One afternoon, after Neva and her mother had been there a few days, Trafford came in from flying the great balloon and said he did not think they would have much time that afternoon for experimenting, as a rain storm seemed to be approaching, and as the storm might in some way affect the delicate instruments, he did not wish to run much risk of ruining the instrument.

The machine was set at work, and they were soon watching and listening at the scene of Gettysburg's great battle; and shut up as they were back in the cave, they did not notice the approach of a thunder storm, which was now near at hand. The great clouds had piled up higher and higher against the eastern horizon, until now the whole eastern heaven was one black, inky mass of storm clouds, from which incessantly gleamed the lightning's flash, its lurid glare reflecting from mountain peak to mountain peak, and from valley to hilltop. The roar of the thunder shook the old mountain side and echoed from peak to peak. The wind had been blowing in the face of the storm, but now it lulls. Not a breath seems to stir, not a leaf on the trees is fluttering. A few great drops of rain fall upon the leaves yonder, which in the silence sounds like the discharge of musketry in the distance. Now the inky mass of clouds is lit up by a brilliant flash of light-

ning, and the crash of the thunder sounds as if the mountains were clashing against each other.

The inmates of the cave are aroused from their self-forgetfulness, and Trafford rushes to the door and out. One good look he takes at the approaching storm, and then hurriedly enters the cave to break the connection there, that he may lower the balloon into a safe place until after the storm is over. He hurries across the room to the levers, and grasps one to throw it back and break the circuit, when, lo! a change of scene. The room seems filled with fire; flash after flash of electricity leaps from one machine to another, and Trafford is shocked and falls to the floor insensible. The ladies are frightened and sit motionless, viewing the awful workings of the lightning.

Do you see that canvas? See that scene? A man and woman, clothed with leaves. Yonder in the distance rise shining walls, surrounding a garden. Can you see the tree tops above the wall? See those blossoms, those birds, that beautiful waterfall, as it leaps from the height beyond the trees? What is that flash of light that stands in the doorway there? It is an angel form. So bright does it shine that the lightning's flash across the room is dim in comparison. He has a sword in his hand, the blade of which seems to be a lightning's flash. There are sounds. Some one talking. Neva hears the conversation, and no sooner does she hear than she determines to catch it in the phonograph. Some one may be able to interpret it. Quickly she arises and crosses the room. Great balls of electric fire roll around her, but she reaches the lever and quickly moves it down into its place. It moves; the cylinder revolves. That conversation is being

recorded. She returns to her seat and falls exhausted, but soon recovers, and with the mothers, sits, unable to leave the seat. Mrs. Allerton sees Trafford lying upon the floor and tries to go to his relief, but is unable to do so. At times the room seems filled with a sheet of flame, and then the electric fluid rolls itself up in a ball and rolls over the floor, and, coming in contact with the wall, it bursts with a loud, sharp report, one after another following in quick succession. Never before did that great globe shine with such a light. It is so brilliant that they are blinded by it and cannot see the changes that are wrought on the canvas. By and by the light in the globe grows less brilliant. Those balls of fire are gone, and, save now and then a flash and report, the storm seems about over. Still the ladies remain in their seats, not able to move. Not a word is spoken. Trafford soon returns to sensibility now, and as a flash of light crosses the room, he leaps to the lever and jerks it down, the connection is broken, and all is quiet.

The ladies soon awaken out of their benumbed condition, and Trafford, who had seen and heard none of the sights and sounds they had been unwillingly called to experience, is soon informed of what happened. He goes out of doors, and there quietly sailing is the great balloon, far above the storm limit. The storm is over, and in its wake is joyous, refreshed nature. Trafford enters the cave, and speaking to the ladies, says:

"Did the canvas show anything, or were there any sounds from the speaking tube there?"

"Yes," answered Neva, "there was such a pretty scene of a beautiful garden, a shining angel and a man

and woman covered with leaves, and the speaking tube gave the conversation of the people."

"I would give all I have got if I had that conversation recorded," said Trafford.

"Well, it is recorded in that phonograph," returned Neva. "I thought you would want it, so I pushed the lever over there in its place and you have it safely recorded there."

Then Mrs. Allerton explained how Neva had faced the balls of fire and crossed the room and made the connection.

"How could you do it," asked Trafford, "with all that lightning and thunder around you? You certainly have much more bravery than I ever gave you credit for."

"When I saw that garden and that shining angel, that man and woman," she answered, "I thought it must be the Garden of Eden, and that the conversation was between Adam and Eve, and I knew their speech would be valuable, so connected it."

"Let's hear what they said," was his reply, as he stepped over to the phonograph and attached the speaking tube and set the machine in motion.

First there came from it a few low, moaning sounds, then a number of sharp reports of thunder, followed by the sounds of some one talking.

It seemed to be a conversation between Adam and Eve, just after they had been driven from the Garden. Adam is calling to mind and telling Eve what seems to have been God's plan of government. Adam thinks as they have been driven from God's presence, that he might forget the plan, so is telling it to Eve, that she may help him to remember it. He speaks of future nations,

kings, presidents and their duties to one another; and of many kinds of business, farming, stock-raising, merchants, physicians, laborers, rich men, etc., that are to be in the future days, and the methods God gave him for their government and the transaction of their business. What a plan! It opened up plainer and plainer; more fair and just than any scheme they had ever heard of before. On and on it went, until the whole plan of national and self-government was opened to them as a vision in a dream. Adam closed his talk with the admonition that they must teach it to their children, and they in turn to theirs, that the plan might not be lost, so that when they grew to be a great nation they might know how to proceed in the government thereof.

"Why would that not be just the plan for our government now?" said Elverton.

"It would certainly do for this or any other nation," was answered.

"If that convention at Chicago has not adjourned, this plan ought to be placed before them at once. Do you know whether it has or not? I have not read a daily paper for a few days and do not know what they have done."

"They have done nothing yet," she returned, "and are talking of adjourning to-morrow."

"Then I must go there to-night, and give them this plan to-morrow. To be sure of their awaiting until to-morrow I will telegraph the chairman," said Trafford, as he seated himself at the table, on which was a telegraph instrument, which was connected with the wire at Silverton, and this message flashed toward Chicago:

"SILVERTON, PA.

"I'll be there to-morrow. Have received a great plan. It will be sure of acceptance. TRAFFORD ALLERTON."

After the message had been sent, Trafford examined the indicator on the wall and found that it had been forced far below any point he had ever had it, indicating a far earlier period of reach. Some of the wires had been melted nearly off, and all the evidence was to the effect that the amount of electricity called into use was a thousand times greater than his generators could possibly produce. Thus he plainly saw that never again would there be a probability of reaching that remote period of time, and thus much more valuable became the cylinder in the phonograph. The amount of electricity used in reaching that realm of time could not be safely handled by any machine, much less be called into existence by it.

All is arranged, and while waiting for the carriage, seated in the cave, Trafford speaks:

"Do you believe that this plan has been hid all the way down through the ages? I would like to know when and how it was lost, and why it was not used all along the way to the present."

"Maybe it has been used and tried away back in Bible times, before the people were carried away into bondage and lost all their old customs and legislations," Neva answered. "Did not Moses, Joshua, Samuel and others teach the people and write their teachings in a book of the law?"

"Yes," Trafford answered, "and I wish I had time to try this machine on some of those times, and see how their teachings compared with the scheme we now have."

"Can I try some of them to-night, while you are on

the way to Chicago," replied Neva, "and if found satisfactory, report to you in the morning, and you can use them in the convention to-morrow?"

"Yes, you can," he replied, "and I do hope that these trials will confirm what we now have, for I will need to explain to them that this plan has been used, and is a success in every particular."

All necessary instructions are given about operating the machine, reporting to Trafford and connecting the machine with the Chicago wire for use on the morrow. The carriage arrives and away he goes, while Neva sits down to study the dates in which the great legislators of ancient days made their parting speeches and explained the law to their followers, that she might reach them for use on the morrow.

At the first peep of day people began to arrive at the great Chicago auditorium. The little telegram of the day before had created the greatest excitement and wonder the nation had known for some time. The people did not know what to expect from this wonderful man. And then, such a telegram: "I have received a great plan. Sure of acceptance." Had received? Where did he receive it from? The world was ignorant of such a plan. Had he seen some strange vision? Yet he was sure of its acceptance. What kind of a scheme could it be, that he would be so sure of acceptance, when everything the learned heads of the nation could think of had been placed before the convention, only to be rejected? Would his great machine have anything to do with it? Would they get to hear its strange, weird voice? Would his plan be accepted, and would it be a success? The nations of the world had been looking for a successful

scheme through the ages and had failed. Would this commercial traveler and inventor step out in this nineteenth century, and speak peace to the troubled waters of national affairs?

Those who had attended during the first days of the convention, but had despaired of anything being accomplished and had gone home, could be seen rushing back during the night, so that every morning train in Chicago had a full load to deposit in the city.

The morning papers were filled with all kinds of guesses as to what the scheme could be and where it was from, and speculations as to the ability of Mr. Allerton to cope with the present state of public affairs. One paper said it meant a return to a kingdom, which was the only right method of government. Another guessed it was a community of goods arrangement. Another thought it would be a dividing up on an equality and beginning over again.

Silver men of the West sent in requests that their interests might not be lost sight of in the new plan. The gold men of the East were on hand to look out for themselves. The farmer was determined to do nothing with it if it did not help the price of his wheat and hogs. The banker was determined that it should not interfere with his rates of interest. The lawyers were ready to tear it to pieces and show that it was not constitutional. And thus each and every delegate was nerving himself to fight it if it did not exactly suit his ideas. What a gauntlet the new plan had to run! Could it possibly pass through successfully, was a great question.

At the hour appointed for the convening of the convention, the president took the chair and rapped the

meeting to order. After prayer and the reading of the minutes of the previous day, the president announced the meeting opened for business. Some one arose and asked for the plan mentioned in last night's telegram, but was informed that Mr. Allerton had not arrived, and would not reach the convention until afternoon; whereupon a motion was carried to adjourn until two o'clock, as there would be no use in wrangling there, as nothing could be accomplished; and that if Mr. Allerton had no perfect scheme, they had better go home and countinue to fight it out on the old line. The convention stood adjourned until two o'clock.

CHAPTER VII.

"Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law."—*Whittier.*

Mr. Allerton arrived in the city at one o'clock, and at once went to work arranging the stage in the auditorium for his machines.

Well did Trafford know what a gauntlet his plan had to run; yet, when the convention was convened and was called to order at two o'clock, and he was called to the stage, he looked over the great crowd calmly and self-possessed, and from the moment he faced the sea of upturned faces he was master of the scene.

He turned and addressed the chair, then, in tones as quiet and reassuring as the summer breeze fans the leaves at setting of the sun, he began:

"This hour will go down in history as the fulcrum upon which the destinies of the nation turned to success, progress and glory. It is not necessary that I should review the past, nor harangue you with a scene of the present, nor canvass the acts of this convention. Not a ray of hope could be gathered therefrom. No beacon light have you been able to find that would guide us, stormed-tossed mariners, to a haven of rest. I sat in my cave, in the far-off mountain, and pondered over the condition of things and their onward drift, wondering what the final end would be, but could find no anchor to stop the great, weather-beaten ship of state from drifting over the Niagara of utter ruin. Then I thought, 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity,' and has been His way

After much discussion of the mode and plan of placing the new scheme into operation, and that in the shortest possible length of time—for all were anxious to be freed from the entanglements which surrounded them, and to see perfect equality in actual working life—they all reached the conclusion, and so requested the president, that the best way to proceed was along the methods we now have of placing into force needful laws. It was decided that each citizen of our nation ought to know what the plan was, where it was from and how it would work; and as the best means of extending this information, the president issued a call for a special convening of Congress for the purpose of calling a special election to vote upon this plan. In due time Congress convenes and at once calls the special election.

Thousands of public speakers go throughout the land explaining the plan, not one of whom was egged or denied a hearing, but crowds appeared at each meeting, eager to hear its explanation. Pamphlets explaining it are sent to every citizen in the land. Every paper, of whatsoever kind, carried its explanation to its readers. All favor it. It is preached from the pulpit, talked on the streets and highways, prayed over, and finally voted on and carried by a unanimous vote.

Congress convenes again, passes the necessary bills, the president signs them, and they become the law of the land.

But what will the result be? We shall see.

Never before did the people settle down to business after an election with such a unanimity of feeling as now. All seemed filled with hope. This was now to be a nation of equality for all classes. A smile was on the

farmer's face and a joy in his heart, as he went out to his work; for he knew that he should be paid for his labor; no guess work now. The debts would flee away as mist before the rising sun. The day laborers felt happy as they went out to work. They, too, knew that they would be well paid for their labor and never be out of a job. The banker's eyes did not seem half so keen as he looked over his counter at his customer, who wanted a short loan, for he well knew that the man could easily pay it back. He also knew that there are few men who would not pay if they could. The editor was happy, for every one would pay up now, and the crimes reporter could be discharged, for there would be but little for him to do at that business now. His labor would be in a line intellectual and helpful hereafter. The doctor is happy, for he would be called only by those who could well pay, for all were in that condition now. The hearts of the ladies, from the length to the breadth of the land, were lighter than ever before, for morality and the nation were now "right side up with care." Glorious time! The carpenter's hammer sounded all over this happy land; the miner was hard at work; the mechanic was rushed with business; the mills had a greater demand for breadstuffs than ever. This solved the over-production cry. There were not half factories enough in the country, not enough iron mills, not enough packing houses, not enough manufactories, not enough anything of this kind. What a rush! What a change!

One great element in the cause of this change was the putting to work of the 2,000,000 idle men of this country, none of whom now receive less than three dollars a day, or in the year about $1,800,000,000, which is expended

for food, clothes and the necessities of life. No wonder all the other trades are benefited by such an impetus to prosperity! Then another element of success was the putting of the 1,300,000 men dependent on the liquor traffic to work, making in honest ways their $1,200,000,000. And, too, the $118,000,000 of capital which was invested in the manufacture of liquor, giving 33,600 people work with a yearly pay roll of $15,000,000, now in other industries gives employment to 135,000 men, with a yearly pay roll of $1,200,000,000, with the great saving for food and clothes of the $1,200,000,000 once spent for liquor. It looks, when summed up, like this:

Pay of idle laborers set to work	$1,800,000,000
Wages of those from liquor employment, increase	1,185,000,000
Amount saved from liquor consumption	1,200,000,000
	$4,185,000,000

Over fifty dollars for every man, woman and child in the land, and that, too, each year. Three times the amount of money in circulation in the country. Would not these items alone make a complete change in our financial affairs, and that, too, in a few days? Thank God for that thunder storm, which gave us the great scheme.

While these mighty changes were going on around him, Trafford Allerton was busy working away in his mountain cavern. That you may get some idea of the line he is working on, listen to his description of his feelings, as given to Neva Tyrole, the two fathers and mothers, who are out there on a visit:

"I was in Baltimore a short time ago, and was walking down the street during a heavy thunder storm, when the lightning came down and rolled along the streets as

great balls of fire. To me,'" he said, "there was nothing to fear, as all the people around me seemed to think. I felt very strange about it, as I had never felt before. To me those flashes of electricity seemed to be arms held out imploringly, and the flashes of light were but eyes, looking entreatingly, and the terrific thunderings said to me: 'Oh, release me from these bonds, which hold me by chains I cannot break. Why do you stand and see me writhe and twist in my agony and not lend a helping hand? Why am I obliged to go on in this way, burning buildings, frightening the timid, sending the awful cyclone on its mission, leveling forests and homes alike, taking human life, when I am destined by the Creator to higher and nobler ends? Oh, my ought-to-be master, come to my relief. Open the doors of this prison house, and I'll be your servant as long as time shall last.'

"It was an effort for me to keep from rushing into the street and grasping that monster ball of death-dealing fluid in my arms and telling it how I longed to loosen its bands, but knew not how. Since that time I have been studying the subjects offered to me there. I have wondered if it is true, as suggested to me then, that the true mission of this subtle something was for some other and more useful work. Ought we not to have the power, as we saw the terrific tornado coming, to turn it, as we do the incoming locomotive, simply by opening a switch, and if this power is for us, if we will only study it out, are we not then to blame for all the death and destruction this powerful agent is the cause of?

"May not this earth, the ball itself, be a vast storage battery for this great force, into which it rushes whenever the atmosphere is over-charged therewith? The flash of

of dealing with the race in the past. Have we not reached our extremity? Yes. Will we profit by God's opportunity? I unhesitatingly reply, yes.

"A few days ago, a lady came to visit mother and I, and see my inventions in my mountain home. She soon learned the way to govern them, and understood the whys of each lever and wheel. While we were experimenting a few days ago, there came up a great storm from the valley beneath, and in some way the electric forces grasped our instruments."

And then he went on and spoke of the occurrence and the message that was received, and of how it was secured by Neva, and that it was the plan, and that he knew it was a perfect plan, for it was what he believed to be God's way of governing. Believing, he said, that there were few present who had ever heard the voice of the machine, he would first give them a sample of its workings and then the plan.

Few people here had come expecting to hear this wonderful instrument, and were most agreeably surprised to hear him say that the wished-for opportunity was so near at hand. A hush fell upon the vast throng. So still were they that the click of the telegraph instrument, as he sent the message to Neva to begin, was heard all over that great room. The instrument ceased its clicking; there was a pause of about five minutes, which seemed to the anxious throng as ten times that space, and then, in a voice low and sweet, the song swelled out.

Louder and louder it grew, until that vast auditorium was filled. Such melody that throng had never heard before; such harmony has never been equaled by man. It filled the room to the farthest corner and swept over

the great multitude, moving them as a great wind would move a field of grain. Men seemed endeavoring to hold their feelings in check, while the ladies burst into great floods of tears, then to clapping of the hands and shouting. They sing, they laugh, they shake hands. Then as the song continues and becomes more and more powerful, the commotion in that throng grows less and less, until each one sits and listens, charmed by the wonderful melody. Their faces shine with radiant joy; all care has flown, and such a marvelous influence has the song over them that one would think, to look at them, that they had been suddenly transported to the regions of bliss, where sorrow and sighing flee away. But all things here that are pleasant and grand have an end, and so it is with the song. It reaches its climax and then begins to die away and soon is gone, and the sighs and sounds from the crowd seem as the drippings of the rain drops from the trees after the passage of some gentle shower. The angel's song to the shepherds has flown out and out on its great circuit of perpetual progress. Their emotions again quiet down, when yonder arises the banker, who speaks:

"Mr. President: I am now ready to agree with my opponents on their way out of our troubles—"

He has not ceased to speak before they are on their feet and are ready to agree with him on his plan. The opposing factions all over the hall are arising with the same terms to offer, and it now begins to look as though something would be accomplished. But this emotion will soon wear off and, if nothing is done here, things will not be changed.

Mr. Allerton now arises and motions with his hand for silence, which is soon regained, and he speaks:

"I now believe you are ready for our great plan, and, if so, I will first give you the sounds that accompanied its advent into the world again." And the machine again went to work, giving them as a beginning an awful thunder crash, which caused the ladies to scream and the men to tremble. Louder and louder it grew until the building shook and trembled, and the mighty sounds seemed to roll over and over around the room; but it soon became so terrible that the people could not stand it, and it had to be shut off. Some such a scene it must have been as that which hung over Sinai's mount at the giving of the ten commandments.

There is a short pause, and then Trafford announces the beginning of the conversation containing the great plan. All is deathly still within the room, save the talking of the machine, which is plainly heard by all. And now the secret locked up in Nature's bosom for so long a time is made public property. It had not proceeded far when sounds of approbation began to come up from all over the room.

"That's the way," "Amen," "Just the thing," and many other expressions of satisfaction were offered. It is not long. Each department of its workings is soon completed, and the machine has told its story.

A hundred people are on their feet to move its adoption and as many to second the motion.

But with this haste Trafford is not pleased. He waves them to their seats and speaks:

"Thus have our people always been, too fast to follow off whatever seems to please their present fancy. I have received word since my arrival here that the machine in the cave has been kept busy during the night, and that

many things have been received which confirm our plan as one not only old as the human race, but one tried and found to be a complete success, as important witnesses will testify to. Please be seated and listen, while I call for this evidence."

They are soon seated, a message sent to the cave, and the instrument speaks again. After it has spoken over again speech after speech, and each has been duly interpreted by one who understood the dead languages, the lever is turned and all is over. The plan is public property, now before the convention for its action.

Here and there, from all over that great multitude, they arise and exclaim:

"Who would have thought it?" "I read that long ago!" "I never thought that was meant by those passages." "How simple and yet how true." "It is a certain remedy."

"Yes," spoke up Trafford, "this message has been in our possession since the beginning, never lost in all our darkness and wanderings; and it has never been secret, but open before our senses. And we, like those of old, would not receive its meaning until brought or sent down in some wonderful way. But, thank God, we now see the light and will proceed to profit thereby. I call for the question."

The motion of adopting the plan is carried amidst the greatest enthusiasm.

Then the plan of putting it in operation comes up, and some are so anxious to see it at work that they propose that this convention declare it the law of the land, and proceed to carry out its provisions, without recourse to the right and lawful methods of getting at it.

the lightning shoots earthward, the cyclone's force is spent in the same direction; for I have seen where small frail pieces of wood have been pulled into the hard ground by its force; it was not driven in, for the stick would not stand the pressure necessary to do so. Electricity is the power of these storms, as is easily proven. Have you not read that in cyclones, chickens are stripped from their feathers and rabbits of their hair? Truly, the work of the electric current. Then, if it is a fact that the earth acts as a great storage battery, we ought to have some method of drawing off the surplus electricity from the atmosphere, and thus, when we saw an electric storm forming, we could turn on the connections and draw the cause of the storm down and store it up in the old earth, where we might be able to control it."

He ceased speaking, and Neva spoke up:

"I have been wondering what it was that caused that storm we had up here a while ago to reach this height, which is above the limit of storms, and have thought that this machine had a magic influence over it and lifted it up above its regular sphere, where it was utilized and worked for our benefit. It seems to me, if the conditions here would lift the current, why would they not, if placed below the circuit, lower it, where we might utilize it by running it into our batteries, to be used for lights and motive power."

"I had thought a good deal about that storm and the cause for its sudden elevation, and could not solve it, but I believe your solution is true," said Trafford, "and I will —"

There is a sound from the telegraph instrument. Click, click. Trafford picks up a sheet of paper, and as

he reads the sounds he writes it out on paper, and this is what he has written:

To Bank of England, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA, ——
London:
Send one million pounds gold by first steamer.
BANK OF AUSTRALIA.

He reads it aloud, and a more astonished man you seldom see than was Trafford.

"Where did this come from," he asks; then touching the key he asks for Melbourne, when the answer comes back at once. He asks who it is he is talking to, and many other questions, tells who and where he is and receives the answers, until they are satisfied that the electric current is leaping across the continent and over the ocean to the far away land, when suddenly the sounds cease and his best efforts will not start them again. The circuit is broken. But the why of it puzzles him. He cannot tell its cause.

After much study and talk they come to the conclusion that in some way his telegraph instrument reached the same conditions as that attained by the one in Australia, which opened the circuit, and when it lost that condition it closed the circuit.

But how to demonstrate and prove it and put it into active use was another great problem for the inventor to solve.

Work on, thou most marvelous man of the coming generation, and may thy efforts be successful in unloosing the bands of the gigantic forces wrapped up in Nature's prisons, and the bending of them to our use.

"It must be solved," he says. "I will call the great men of science to my aid, and we will open this mystery."

The next mail carries thirty or forty invitations to the foremost men of the nation, in the study of electricity, to meet with Trafford Allerton in New York City, ten days hence, to help him in the solution of a new problem in their line.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."—*Longfellow.*

In the parlor of a New York City hotel, about thirty men are congregated together. They are the best skilled men in the electrical sciences that the Union affords. One man is talking, it is Trafford Allerton, and this is what he says:

"That you may understand the cause of this called conference, I will make an explanation, relate some observations and offer a few suggestions:

"I believe that electricity works under similar laws to those that govern the other forces about us. For example, water is a blessing when it falls from the gentle shower, runs down the little rivulet or seeps away in the veins under the ground, and a thousand other ways; but when penned up in too great a quantity for its barriers, it is an injury, as in the broken mill dam, the destroyed dyke along the river, the waterspout or the exploded boiler. Air is a blessing, but when traveling sixty or eighty miles an hour it is transformed into a great destructive force. Heat is a blessing, but when in too great an amount destroys crops, property and life. Thus we might include money, hunger, force of any kind, darkness, light, etc., etc. What these things must have to be useful is equalization—great quantities where needed, and lesser where the need thereof is less. Thus I believe it is with electricity. We must have some of it, but its congregating

in too great an amount in a certain place causes it to break over its bounds and do a vast amount of damage. It, too, needs equalization. Then, I believe, we will have our rain in its season, the clouds, or the absence thereof, as needed, and a lack of great thunder storms and cyclones. Some parts of our country need more than others to produce a like result, on account of the surrounding conditions being different. Thus, the amount of rain one county would need would flood and ruin the crops in another. I believe we ought to have a system of electricity, so combined that the whole body thereof shall remain at a level, and that great quantities in one place may be drawn off to fill vacancies in another. I propose the appointment of committees to ascertain the amount of electricity which will produce certain results in different sections of the country, and then the building of a system to equalize this force. The system can be so arranged that when a certain locality has too much force it will overflow to some place that lacks."

His speech continued until he had outlined all his policy, when it was taken up by the others and added to or criticized, until they all became of one mind, and the necessary committees were appointed to travel through the land to test and make records of the resistant force throughout the Union.

Trafford's mother wishes a trip to the mountains, so he chooses as his route Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado. Neva and her mother are invited to accompany them, and gladly accept the invitation. The desired instruments and machines are soon built and they are on the way to Kansas. Their first stop is made in Western Kansas. They arrive at their destination a little after noon, and

pass the balance of the day in getting the wagon and instruments ready for a trip out into the sand hills on the morrow, to begin their experiments. A good supply of food is laid in, for they expect to be gone a number of days, and the next morning they are away to the north. About twenty miles from the city they enter the sand hills, and soon come to a place they consider suitable to make the first test. That afternoon is passed in placing the machinery for the test. The principal part of the experiment machinery consists of a large box, which was about four feet square and six feet high, the sides of which were copper; a steel bottom and the copper top was extended much like a pipe to an upright engine. To this box were adjusted the necessary instruments for the test. It had a door of glass at one side, large enough for a person to enter by. He expected to make the necessary tests by the aid of the chemicals which were brought along, by their action within and escaping from the car pipe, much like the way modern rain-makers try to operate.

The necessary arrangements are all made, and they await the morning to try the experiment. It was arranged that Neva was to adjust the instruments within the box, while Trafford arranged the batteries attached to the outside thereof. The morning arrived, and after a hasty breakfast they began operations, with much anxiety, wondering if the instruments would do the wished-for service. Through the glass door in the side of the box Neva enters and adjusts the instruments, and prepares to change them as may be necessary during the test. Trafford makes the arrangements from the outside, and the instruments soon record a change, which is excitedly communicated to Trafford. Higher and higher

the pressure goes, more and more they become excited as they watch the favorable progress of the test. The two mothers watch it with much interest, and excitedly move around on first one side and then another. Higher and higher it climbs, until Neva says she begins to feel the effects of the electricity, still up and up the gauge goes. Another and another turn Trafford gives the crank. The sky is clear, but suddenly they are stricken down by a blinding flash of light, a deafening roar follows, and when the three outside the box arise, lo! to their horror, they see the box suddenly arise. Trafford leaps toward it, but it is above his reach. It rises up and up. Look, the glass door is open and Neva is looking down. Too high to jump. What can she do but stand and look and scream? What can they do but look and tremble, horror-struck? Higher and higher it goes, and faster and faster it rises. It grows smaller and smaller to their gaze. The women run wildly around, screaming for help, but Trafford is powerless. The machine has gone, and taken with it Neva. The batteries are connected upon the outside thereof, out of the reach of even Neva. It is now a speck in the azure blue, fainter and fainter it becomes, until the mother through her tears can see it no longer. Soon it is lost to Trafford's view also. The women sit down upon the ground and sob, heart-broken. The mother turns to Trafford:

"What will become of her? Will it fall? Where is it going to?" To all of which he can give no satisfactory answer. He does not know. Nothing can be done but sob and fear.

"She'll starve to death if it don't fall and kill her," the mother exclaims.

"Yes, if it does not come down soon," Trafford answered. "There was a keg of water in the box, we needed in the tests, that will quench her thirst for awhile, and our canned food was put in there to be out of the way in coming out here. These will last her awhile. But where has she gone?"

The sorrowing ones conclude the best they can do is to return to the city and send word all around, that people may be on the lookout for her remains, for surely that thing would soon fall, for it was very heavy.

The last they saw of it, it was traveling up and east at a fearful rate, seemed to be gaining momentum as it went on and on.

Sadly they retraced their way to the city they had left the day before, and made known the sad story of Neva Tyrole.

The sad and wonderful story of her ascension is soon hurled by the telegraph over the Union and across to the Eastern world.

The result of these tests was being awaited with so much anxiety everywhere, that this was all the sooner known and by nearly every one.

As Trafford walked his room that night and studied how to solve the mystery and where to find her, he was nearly crazed. Besides her strange departure, he now begins to realize that his feelings for her were stronger than he had supposed. He had been so busy that he had not stopped to think of love, but now that she was gone, he forgets his discoveries in the electric world and makes the discovery in his own breast that he loved Neva Tyrole.

"Where is she?" he asks himself over and over again. "Can it be that this solar system has one common but

great current of electricity that the planets run on, like one car after another on a street railway, with here and there a switch, and that she is off on that great attraction and may land in the moon, or Jupiter, or Saturn, or maybe the sun? Can it be that this world is thus run on a great circuit, which may enter at the North Pole and pass out at the South, and thus cause the revolution of the earth on its axis, like a great motor? Where, oh, where has she gone? Will I ever see her again? Oh, my God, keep her; protect her."

No sleep do they get that night. There is nothing they can do here to help her, so the morning train starts them back for their Eastern home, but oh, how much different than when they came out.

"If she was only dead," the mother sobs, "I could stand it. But oh, my daughter, where, oh, where are you?" The machine in the cave fails to give any news of her whereabouts, though tried again and again.

The days roll on into weeks, yet no tidings of the lost Neva Tyrole reach the anxious waiters.

What can they do to find her? The nation knows of her loss, but that is as far as they can go. The weeks wear away into months, and the months into years, but not a word ever comes from her.

The tests have been made, no other accident having happened, and the idea has been put into practical use.

The nation's prosperity and improvements in all lines climbs up higher and higher, but no tidings come of the lost one, until it has long ago ceased to be the subject of much talk, except among the relatives. But Trafford has been studying these long years, until now that five years have flown away and he has decided upon making

an effort, a desperate effort, to find her. He has reasoned in this way:

"Just before that flash of lightning, she told me where the gauge stood. I know how the machine was made, and how much there was of the different chemicals used. Now, if I go out where she started from and charge a machine as that one was charged, why will it not take me where she was taken? True, she may have been taken to an awful death, but I was the cause of her departure. I'll risk my life in a desperate attempt to solve this mystery and find her."

His parents, as well as Neva's and his host of friends, try to dissuade him from his awful attempt, but he will not change.

A machine is built, an exact mate to the one she took her departure in. The same spot they had tried the machine in five years before is found, and the machinery unloaded. This time he goes prepared. He takes a barrel of water, plenty of food, a good gun and lots of ammunition, extra clothing, and a large amount of the chemicals to replenish the battery and instruments, although he fills it with the same amount he first put in.

The news of this daring attempt had been sent all over the land, and a multitude of people are present to see him off. Sad are the partings between the parents and son and his many friends, but he breaks away at last and enters the box. He has arranged a crank, by which the machinery on the outside of the car can be worked from within. None are daring enough to wish to accompany him, for as no news has ever been heard from Neva, they all believe her dead. None care to risk the attempt simply for the novelty of the thing.

The connections are made, and the work begins. The gauge on the inside begins to rise higher and higher, up and up, when Trafford puts his head out of the door and warns the people of the close proximity to the height reached when the flash of lightning fell before, and they hurriedly back away.

Strange scene; thousands of people; hundreds of vehicles in a great circle, facing inwardly, where sits this strange looking box. We could never write the thoughts that go galloping through Trafford's brain. The box seems to grow bright, then, with a blinding flash of lightning, an awful roar, and the people look expectantly, but nothing can be seen. Then they look up and far away in the azure blue, they see that box, rushing through space with tremendous velocity. It seemed to be a better conductor than the former one, or in its glad expectancy on its search for the lost lady, starts off with wonderful rapidity. It grows smaller and smaller to the gaze, and is lost to the view of the naked eye, and soon to the many spy-glasses turned toward it.

With heavy heart, the father and mother and many friends return to their homes, wondering if they shall ever hear from the lost son and daughter.

The editors of the land indulge in a good many speculations as to the result of the voyage out into space. Some even try to prophesy of its successful completion, saying: "Who ever heard of anything keeping Trafford from accomplishing that which he attempted?" All seemed to look toward it favorably, and expected an early solution of the mystery.

While the country had grown wonderfully in the past five years, and progressed to a marvelous height in the

sciences, yet there was much yet to be done in this line, and it was with regret that the people looked on the departure of the one who had contributed so much toward the success attained, and was at the time at the head of the department of electricity of the nation.

CHAPTER IX.

The blinding flash of lightning did not affect Trafford, but he was terribly shaken up by the sudden start his car took in its upward flight, and when he had time to recover himself and arise from the floor, he looked and the instrument indicated an altitude of 5,000 feet. The roar made by the awful rush of the car through the air was deafening, and it was some time before he could so collect himself as to be able to think or act as he wished. As he rose higher and higher the sound grew less and he became more used to it. He looked out of the glass door, down and down Cities seemed like scattered flowers in a field, and the rivers looked like crooked threads. He could see that he was rushing eastward with tremendous velocity. Great cities seemed to pass under him as telegraph poles by a passing train. He could see a white sheet of water ahead of him, which he was not long in reaching, and as he passed it he came in sight of another, which he supposed to be one of the great lakes. They were off to the north of him, but how far he could not tell. Now and then the car would tip a little forward and the rushing air would act upon the open chimney to his car in such a manner as to create an ear-splitting shriek, far shriller than any locomotive whistle. Yet on and on he flew. He had intended to keep a record of the changes in his instruments, but he was so excited that he forgot all about it. He rushes on and on, over great cities, past here and there a mountain, and he notices that the sun is sinking. For the first he thinks of the flight of time and takes out

his watch. It is seven o'clock. He has been on the go for ten hours and it seemed like an hour only. He did not think of getting hungry or thirsty before, but now takes a little lunch. It grows dark and the twinkling stars are plainly seen through the top of the car. Along toward nine o'clock he looks out of the glass door before him again and he discovers the broad, white bosom of a great body of water, and knows that he is nearing the Atlantic ocean, which causes the cold chills to creep over him. Will the chemicals in the batteries last long enough for him to cross the ocean, or will he sink beneath the wave? Can it be that there is where Neva sleeps so silent? Will he find a watery grave at her side? Such thoughts as these drive all desires for sleep from his brain. The instruments record an altitude of 32,000 feet, but the same it has been since a short time after his start. He soon passes out and over the sheet of water and still the car rushes on and on, as if anxious to meet its mate gone on five years before. He begins to calculate the rate at which he is traveling and finds that it is not less than 200 miles an hour, nearly four miles a minute. What an easy motion. Not a jerk nor jar. It does not seem as though he were moving, and were it not for the roaring of the wind around him and the awful shriek of the pipe whistle now and then, he might easily imagine he were back in the Kansas sand hill, stuck fast. The ocean's bosom shows no advance of the car, just the white floor beneath him all the time. What a way to travel. No hot boxes; no bearings to oil; no axles to break; no bridges to wash away; no collisions; but oh, what the end may be. Will he drop into the sea or will he pass over it only to sink low enough to collide with a

mountain top? Or may he not take a sudden start off for the moon or Pole star? He has enough to think about and keep him awake during the night. It begins to grow light in the east, the stars soon fade away and the sun rises. He looks out, but can see only a watery waste. He eats his breakfast, which strengthens him and he feels much better. It is now nine o'clock by his watch, but he can see by the sun that it is after noon in that part of the world. In a little more than two hours thereafter he catches sight of land, far ahead, which grows plainer and plainer until he nears it, and soon, with a sigh of relief, passes out and over it. By examining his compass and seeing that he has been traveling a little south of east, he concludes that he is now over Africa.

Must be that the chemicals will give out soon. Yet his altitude is the same and he seems to be traveling at the same rate. When dinner time comes, by his watch, the sun is beginning to sink behind the western horizon in that land. How strange it all seems. He soon passes into another night. He is tired out and lies down on the floor of the car and soon sinks into a deep sleep. On and on he sleeps. The night wears away, yet his watch still shows that in Kansas it is four, five, six and then seven o'clock. Still the car rushes on. His watch shows it to be eight o'clock Tuesday evening. He started Monday morning at nine o'clock. Looking out of the door as soon as he awakens, he sees that the light is just breaking in the east. It is Wednesday morning there. The car does not go as steady as it did, but jerks, this way then that. Making a light, he looks at the instrument and finds that he is but 1,000 feet high. The car has fallen 31,000 feet while he slept. The car jerks so that

he can hardly keep his feet. The car sinks lower and lower, and moves ahead much slower. He can distinguish the tree tops and see the streams very plain. But no cities; not a sign of civilization. Lower and lower, 300 feet high, 250, 200, 150, 100, down and down; it touches the tree tops, comes to a broad river and comes nearly sinking therein, but manages to cross and touches on the bank beyond. It bumps along on the ground for a short distance, then stops suddenly up against what seems to be a large rock.

The journey is over. Trafford arises to his feet and, throwing open the door, steps out into the twilight and looks about. He is in the center of a small opening in the forest. He walks around the car, when, lo! do his eyes deceive him? He steps forward; he touches it. Yes, it is true. It is the long lost car. His car has found its mate. He sinks on the ground overcome, and can not keep back the great tears, and sobs aloud as he offers a prayer of thankfulness to his God for this discovery, the first sign or token of the missing Neva. There are the same instruments, only blackened and rusty with their long stay here. But now comes the question, where is Neva? Following this question in rapid succession come others. What land is this? Who lives here? If I should find Neva, how could I get her out of here? Has she sickened and died, been devoured by wild beasts, or is she well and alive?

He soon had his pockets full of food, his belt full of cartridges; his battery is not forgotten, for he might find her sick and need it, and throwing his gun over his shoulder he is soon away into the forest. He has traveled on for perhaps an hour, when he comes to the border of

an open space of ground, where the grass and weeds do not grow. In looking to the ground he now sees innumerable foot prints and concludes that this is the council place of a tribe of wild people. Soon, from across the opening from the forest beyond, comes the sound of voices. He steps back into the underbrush and crouches down out of sight to await developments. He has not long to wait. He wonders, will these people know anything of the long lost Nevâ?

From the forest on the opposite side emerges a black man, a giant he is, too, over six feet tall and weighing fully 250 pounds. He is followed by another and another; yes, a vast number of them. They file in in single file and form a large circle in the open inclosure. A motion from the leader and they all seat themselves on the ground. After sitting there and chattering awhile, the leader arises and waves his hand, when they all arise and an opening in the circle is made on the side they came in on, through which comes a much larger man than the first leader, but dressed in the most gorgeous style. There hang from belts about his waist and neck shining pearls, and here and there a long piece of ivory. A sort of a crown is upon his head, and large rings are in his nose and ears. He is followed by half a dozen other men, but not so finely dressed, although much better than the first ones who came in. After this company comes two large men, who carry long spears; these are followed by some people which, from the difference in the dress, Trafford takes to be women—some large and some small. They file within the inclosure and take seats to one side on a sort of a mound built there. The big, gorgeously dressed fellow has a stump to sit upon, and by his side stands a

woman. She is dressed in a garment of some woven native plant and a kind of a veil is over her face.

The two large men who entered carrying spears now step to the center of the ring.

The big man, the king, arises and speaks to them, but Trafford does not understand what he says. While he speaks, he lifts the woman, who had been standing at his side, to the stump, and often during his talk points to her, then smoothes down her long black hair, probably praising her good looks. She steps down at his side, he ceases speaking and takes his seat, and the two men in the center of the ring rush at each other.

This is a queer but interesting scene to Trafford. What can he do but sit and watch them from his hiding place. The combatants roll over on the ground; they pound each other, bite, scratch and use all other methods of warfare they can think of. Not a word is heard from either of them, save now and then a groan as one or the other is knocked down. Neither does the crowd move or speak. Silent witnesses of the fight. Each man is covered with blood, but they battle on, until Trafford wonders if it will never quit. By and by, one man falls and can not get up. The other jumps upon his fallen foe, and with kicks and blows soon has him pounded into insensibility, whereupon he takes up one of the spears near at hand and plunges it into the breast of his fallen antagonist again and again. The battle is over. The conqueror turns and walks toward the king with one bleeding arm and hand uplifted and speaks a few words.

The king arises and has spoken but a few words, when he turns to the woman at his side and addresses her, at the same time pushing her toward the conqueror.

She takes a few steps and then stops, and Trafford sees her lift her hands toward heaven, her eyes seem to be piercing the distant blue sky, and these words fall upon the ears of the startled Trafford:

"Oh, my God, has it come to this, to be the wife of this wretch? Have I not prayed and agonized for deliverance these long years? Where, oh, where is my Trafford? Will he never come to my rescue? I would that I might die, oh, precious Savior, rather than this disgrace."

Trafford sits for a moment as one stupefied, but only for a moment. See what a change in that man in the bushes. The color has all left his face; he clutches the barrel of his repeating rifle, trembles for a moment, then his sinews become hardened. He arises, and with a mighty bound leaps from the hiding place, as a lion would leap in his strength, and forward he bounds.

There is a commotion in the camp; all have arisen to their feet, as they hear a shout, and then these words, understood very well by the lady, ring out clear and firm:

"I have come, O my darling. I will save you."

In a moment she is in his arms. He has torn the veil from her face, and as the great tears chase each other down her face, he kisses them away. It is some time before either can speak, and the natives look on in wonderment, but only for a short time. The man who lately conquered in the fight seems to understand that something is wrong, and with a grunt of dissatisfaction he starts forward to regain his lost prize. Trafford raises his hand as a sign to stop, when the king turns to Neva and asks for an explanation of this intrusion. She asks him for a few moments' time to converse with this, to the natives, strange being. In a few words she told him that

the fighters each wished to marry her and that they had met in their usual custom to settle such disputes, and that she was now claimed by the conqueror as his wife.

Trafford asked her to tell them that he had come to deliver her, and that she was to be his wife, and that they must not try to hinder him.

She turned to the king with the explanation, but the natives were not satisfied therewith, and did not think that one man, and he smaller than any of them, could run off with such a prize as she was.

She then told them, as Trafford suggested, that he did not wish to harm them, but that he would show them what he could do if they did not behave.

They wished to see him try his power, thinking that they were to see another fight with the big black.

Neva told them, for Trafford, that he would show them all at once, and asked them to form in their circle again and this time take hold of hands. This they quickly did.

Trafford was not long in adjusting the battery and arranging the poles. He then stepped up to the king and offered his hand, which the king took just as Neva completed the circuit by taking a black hand at her side. In an instant a cry of horror went up from the whole circle as they felt the electric current flash through their beings. They were frightened. Trafford had noticed a number of birds flying about over their heads and, to complete the frightening process, he dropped the king's hand and, picking up his gun, discharged it at the bird, which immediately fell to the ground, dead.

This was too much for this superstitious people, and with one accord, and with a mighty noise, they scampered away into the forest, leaving our friends alone.

Trafford picked up his things and, with his arm around the little woman he came to find, they started off in the direction of the cars. Neva was too overjoyed to talk much or even think as they hurried along toward the cars. She had not even asked about home and how he found her and the thousand other things she soon thereafter wanted to know. The trip back to the car was made in half the time Trafford used in going. After they had reached the car, explanations began, first on one side and then on the other, until the sun was far past the meridian, when Trafford began to think of eating, when he said:

"Well, Neva, have you forgotten how to prepare a meal by this time? You will find something for dinner in the car there. By the way, there are some packages in there your mother put in, saying that you might need them if I ever found you. While you are at work there I will recharge the batteries out here, that we may be able to return soon."

In the package Neva found different dressing material than any she had worn for over four years, which, when put on, changed her appearance to quite a perceptible degree, and caused Trafford to say:

"It made her look like the Neva Tyrole he used to know and expected to make his wife at no distant day."

To which she responded:

"I wish you had made me your wife and kept me at home five years ago."

While they were eating, the subject of their return trip came up. Whether the car will go beyond its present limits or not they do not know. They may have to walk the thousand miles or more from this, the heart of Africa, to the coast. But they are going to try the machine and trust to Providence again that afternoon.

Arrangements are all made. They are sitting just outside the door, eating their dinner, when they hear a sound in the forest before them, and Neva says:

"I believe those savages are coming after us."

She had said no more when out of the woods came a fine looking black man. Neva instantly recognized him as the real king of the tribe she had been with these five years. The fight that had come off that day and the king and the people that Trafford had seen, were of a neighboring and warlike tribe, which had a few days ago conquered those with whom she stayed, and as she was captured with them too, she was offered as a prize by the old king to the best man he had for a wife, and this man who now came out of the forest toward them was the rightful king and friendly toward her, and had now escaped and come to tell her that the fierce savages were on the way to recapture her and kill Trafford. He also asked to be taken along with them to her country, that he might learn the customs she had taught him so much about, and thus might he be able to lead his people into a better way of living. They consented, and he was taken in the car with them and the batteries set to work. In a very short time they can hear the shouts of the enraged savages as they come on. Soon out of the woods they come, 200 strong, armed with clubs, spears and stone axes.

They make direct for the car, yelling at the top of their voices. Trafford grasps the rifle and awaits their coming. The principal thing that he first fears is that they will break some of the machinery and thus disable the car; then they will fall an easy prey to that vast hordeof savage men.

What close quarters they are in. Do not even know that the car would ever start, even if the savages did leave

it alone. Had Neva only been found to be lost again, and Trafford with her, too? No. He came to save, and save he would.

Neva picks up a large knife and steps up to the car door at his side. They are ready to fight for their lives. The black king stands ready to use a rod of iron he has found in the bottom of the car.

On they come, with their big king in the advance, yelling to Neva, in the language she knows so well, that they are going to kill them, and ordering them to come out of their retreat. They are only twenty yards away; now fifteen. Trafford raises his rifle, aims at the king's thigh, and pulls the trigger.

The old king leaps high in the air and yells so loud that he drowns the report of the rifle, and falls to the ground. The braves rush up to the king's side and examine the wound in his leg, and then, gnashing their teeth in increased rage, they rush toward the car.

"How's the gauge, Neva? I don't want to kill any of them unless I have to."

She answers that it is within a few notches of the required amount. He awaits their approach. What a dreadful array of humanity they are as they approach, the whites of their eyes looking like so many stars or moons in the night; their mouths wide open, yelling as loud as they can; brandishing clubs and spears; they approach the car, only a few feet away. Trafford is about to send the leaden bullet home to one great savage's heart, when the wished for, anxiously awaited event happens.

It comes. The flash descends; the woods resound to the echoes of the thunder's roar, and Neva, Trafford and the black are jerked to the floor, as the car suddenly

leaps upward. Up and up they go. The crowd of blacks are but spots below and soon have faded out of sight; and away they go, the sun to their backs, out over forest, lake and mountain.

CHAPTER X.

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it."
—*Addison.*

According to Trafford's reckoning and the setting sun, it must be Wednesday evening, but his watch shows it to to be a morning hour.

Though there is much they might be troubled about, where they are going, where they should land, etc., yet they forget all this uncertainty in the joy of having met again. The car hurries on through space at a frightful velocity. The stars twinkle their tiny light down through the top of the car. The roar continues, now and then punctured by the awful shriek of the whistle at the top.

Along in the latter part of the night they pass out over an ocean. It is the Indian ocean. There is no change in the speed of the car, nor of its altitude. Thursday morning soon dawns on them, but they continue to travel on during the day. Many questions Neva and the black king have to ask Trafford. The king, who had been taught our language by Neva, was interested in hearing Trafford tell of the wonderful country he lived in. His name was, as near as it can be pronounced in our tongue, Scoto. Along towards night they catch a glimpse of land far ahead, which they conclude is Australia, but no stop here. On and on the car takes them. Out and out for over six hours across the plains of Australia, by and by to pass out and over the greatest of waters—the Pacific ocean.

Hour after hour they spend, Trafford in listening and Neva in telling of the events of her stay among the blacks. She says:

"Those blacks who were seen by you, and who would have killed us, were a neighboring tribe to the one I lived with. They have given our tribe much trouble ever since I lived there, and a few days ago they again invaded our city and defeated our blacks, and have them prisoners now. Those two blacks who were fighting over me I never saw before that day. As soon as the fight was on between the two tribes, when the city was invaded, I was found by the strange king and was offered by him as a wife to the black who should succeed in capturing our king, the man here with us now. Those two men caught him together, and were deciding which should have me by that brutal fight. The tribe I lived with was just as warlike when I landed there, but they thought I was some great god, and for a long time, while I was learning their language, they worshiped me, and I had no way of teaching them better until I was able to talk to them, after which they seemed to think that I was of some higher order of beings than they were, and would always do as I wished about everything. I settled all their disputes, and after awhile got them to understand our religion, and to worship the great God, who led you to try that plan of finding me, just at the right time and when I had done all I could to advance them any higher, without following some such plan as we are now on, that of taking their king to our own country to see and know of our better ways, that he may go back and then lead his people up to the standard that they ought to occupy. If you get this machine so that you can manage it, I

would like to go back there some day, and see that simple people again, and once more lead their meetings in the worship of the only true God, although they will get along very well if their enemies leave them alone. Don't you think, Trafford, that we could go some day?"

"It might be," he answered.

We will leave this happy couple and their dark companion, for they are flying on through space too fast for us, and in the parting glance we take they are seen seated on the bottom of the car, pleasantly talking. The instruments show an altitude of 32,000 feet, and the speed is not less than two hundred miles an hour.

What a strange sight that car is, as it rushes on and on over miles and miles of watery waste, turning neither to the right nor the left, but on and on in a straight line, as if hurled out of the hand of some great and awful power, over mountain, land and sea.

The moon and the stars shine down upon it by night, and the sun's rays seem to hurry along to catch up with it by day. Great steamers look like a drifting spar upon the bosom of the placid Pacific; and from their height they can not see the rise and fall of the mighty waves, nor catch a glimpse of their foamy tops. To them the great floor is all one level, glassy plain. They are out of sight; a great cloud has passed in between them and us, and shut off our vision, but we look to another scene.

Two men are sitting quietly at their work, looking through their telescopes at the great Lick observatory, on Mt. Hamilton, California. One is looking at the sun, now nearly down into the western sea. He has been studying it for a long time, when he suddenly stops and turns to his companion, exclaiming:

"Allerton's got back. I just saw his car coming as it passed between my glass and the sun."

"Are you sure?" was his companion's answer.

"Yes, I am certain," he answered, as he turned to the telephone and rung up San Jose, and excitedly spoke into the machine, without waiting for an answering ring: "Allerton's machine is coming. Blow the whistles and call him down."

And it is not long until the greatest noise went up from San Jose that they ever before produced. Bells rung, whistles blew, sky rockets went up, people yelled and a perfect roar went up to meet the coming couple.

The cloud has passed away, and we see into the car again.

"Come, Neva, I see land," said Trafford, as he turned toward her from the door, out of which he had been looking.

"Yes; and that must be the Union, our home. How glad I am," she said. "What are they doing down at that city, Trafford? I see lights in the air."

"I don't know, but I expect they have seen us. You know there is an observatory near San Jose, and I expect they have seen us, and are trying to attract our attention and call us down."

"Let's go down and see," she replied.

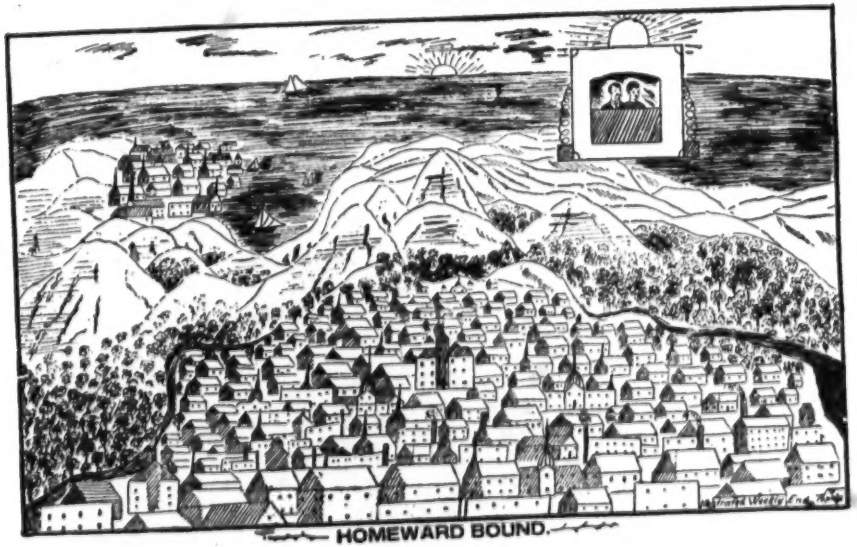
"All right. We might try our machine here as well as anywhere;" and he turned the crank and shut off part of the current, when instantly the speed began to slacken and the machine to sink.

When the machine had sufficiently slowed up, and while steadily sinking, they opened the door and looked out. What a beautiful scene lay spread out before their gaze!

There, eight miles to the north, lay the calm, placid bosom of San Francisco bay. Yonder, to the northwest forty miles, they could see the spires of San Francisco. What a beautiful valley, the Santa Clara! There, twelve miles from the city, is Mt. Hamilton, so plainly seen, rearing its head far above the valley below. Yonder can be seen the beautiful park in the Penitencia Canon, seven miles east. There is the Methodist University of the Pacific, here the State Normal School. How quiet and beautiful they lay, and how majestically flow the winding streams of the Coyote and Guadalupe, each side of the city. Seemingly fit landing place for an angel fresh from heaven.

Slowly they near the ground; lower and lower the car sinks, and then, squeezing its way down between the large limbs of a number of fruit trees in an orchard, it sinks easily to the ground, and a safe landing is made. The glass door is opened, and the three have stepped out from the car to the ground before any one reaches them. A great crowd soon gathers around the three, and many are the warm congratulations offered them on their safe return. Every one expected their early return, and they all "told you so." The chief of the western fruit bureau, the highest official in town and on an equality with Trafford officially, soon arrives in his electric carriage and they are taken to his beautiful home.

The news of their arrival has traveled the length and breadth of the land in a very few moments. Everybody soon learns of the safe arrival. They have hardly been seated in the pleasant home of the chief, when a messenger places in Neva's hands a message. It was dated at Los Angeles, California, five minutes before being



HOMEWARD BOUND.

delivered. It is from Neva's mother, and says that the four parents will leave at once for San Jose. Upon inquiry of the chief, they are informed that Neva and Trafford's parents came out to California to spend a vacation, thinking it would be a change of scene and might cause them to cheer up, and that they arrived in Los Angeles yesterday.

"And how long will it take them to reach here?" asked Neva, to whom the methods of travel in use here now are unknown.

"About two hours," was the reply.

By the time they have rested somewhat they are led out to supper.

A messenger announces the presence of the agent of the news board, who simply asks our friends to name an hour when he can take their story of the journey, requesting that, if possible, it may be in a very short time. Trafford sends out word that they will be ready in half an hour. They are hardly through with their supper when the agent returns, and they step back into the parlor, where is adjusted a funnel to a telephone box. They are seated, when the agent asks Neva to give them as complete an account of her absence as she has time. She hesitates for a moment, when Trafford tells her she need not wait for the agent to get paper and pencil, but that if she will go ahead that the telephone will catch every syllable she utters, and instantly record it in every city in the Union that has a newspaper. How strange it all seems to her! The sun has sunk far below the horizon; there are no lights to be seen in the room, and yet it is as light as day, the light being exactly like the light of day. Sitting where she is, she begins with her strange story

and, hurrying through, has given a partial history thereof in half an hour.

Trafford is then asked to tell of his experiences in the past week, which he does, finishing in about the same length of time that Neva had used. Thanking them, the news agent then withdrew. Thus is the story of their wanderings, not over two hours after their arrival, placed in printed form into the hands of millions of people all over the Union. Yes, it has soon crossed the Atlantic, and is read by hosts of interested readers over there.

There is a sound on the porch, the door opens, and in step the four parents. Kisses, embraces and sobs of joy are the order for the next few minutes. The man whose hospitality they are enjoying, with his family, pass out into the adjoining room, and the half dozen people in the room have a happy meeting. Again and again Mother Tyrole insists on kissing her daughter, as they talk over the events of the past. It is far into the night before they retire; but just before they go to their sleeping apartments, their host places in their hands a large number of telegrams of congratulation. They come from the president of the nation, who happened to be in Chicago, and said that he would be with them in the morning; from the heads of all the departments of government, the chiefs of Agriculture, Mining, Finance, Medicine, Commerce, Printing, Lumber, Cotton, and all the other departments, as well as from England's president, for the government there had been changed to a republic by the peaceful ballots of the people; also from the heads of all other civilized nations, and many of the leading men of the land who were not in official positions.

The morning finds them refreshed and ready for the great reception, arranged for them by the people during the night, the news of which and the invitations thereto had been sent to every town and city in the land.

The president has arrived and, with the other heads of the government, has called upon the returned pair. Thousands of people pour into the city from all over the land. Among the distinguished men who have arrived and called on them we must not fail to name, are Rev. Elverton, the chief of the Department of Religion, and Dr. Ruttlidge, the head of the Department of Medicine.

The reception has been arranged to take place in the beautiful four-hundred-acre park in the Penitencia Canon, seven miles east of the city, at ten o'clock.

An electric carriage is sent up for our friends and their parents, and they are soon on the way to the park, down the broad avenues and past the many fine residences and great orchards.

One of the first things that Neva notices is the railways. When she left on her great trip to Africa, the iron horse traveled over the plains and mountains from city to city, upon rails secured to ties, which were placed upon the ground. There has been a change, and she does not understand it and asks an explanation.

Trafford answers her question: "You see that the rails are suspended upon those iron poles there. See that car there?" She turned in the direction indicated and there saw the car. It was built much in the shape of an immense egg, tapering to a point at each end, and about eight feet in diameter in the center. The carriage they are riding in is stopped, and they get out and step up a few steps and enter the car. In the central portion

thereof are a number of reclining chairs, about a dozen in this car. The sides of the car are of thick glass. The floor and about five feet of each side and the top thereof are of steel.

In each end of the car are rooms, the ceiling of which is not as high as that of the central or sitting room, and lowers down with the shape of the car. In these rooms, Trafford explains, are carried the baggage and such other things as one would wish to carry. When people are traveling on a long journey, and expect to be away over night, they put up a bed in one of the rooms, where they can sleep just as comfortably as in their beds at home.

They then stepped out of the car, and she noticed that it hung from the rail above by two arms, which were fastened to each end of the car, and were arranged to run along on the rail. "But why these two tracks?" she asked, and was told that one rail was for travel in one direction and the other in the other direction, thus they never had such a thing as a collision. The electric safety contrivance was so arranged that one car going very fast would never run into one going slower, for whenever they came just a certain distance apart, the valves would equalize the amount of electricity used by each car, and would at the first switch, which were arranged along the track all the way from a few yards to a few miles according to the amount of travel thereon, move the slow car ahead on to the switch, and release the faster to go on at the desired speed. When she asked the speed of the cars, she was told that it was at any speed the traveler wished up to two hundred miles an hour, but that no cars they had been able to make up to the present time would exceed the speed of two hundred miles an hour.

"And what is that there?" she asked, pointing to a track where hundreds of cars were hanging close together.

"That is the switch, and those cars are the ones this vast crowd came in on. They are just switched off there awaiting their return."

"And where are the telegraph poles?" she asked.

She was informed that there were no telegraph poles, but that the rails of the railroad acted as the wires used to. They can be so arranged that every office in the Union will catch the sound simultaneously, or it can be changed in a moment's time, so that but two offices will receive the desired information.

"And is that the way you do your corresponding now?" was her next question.

"Yes, the most of it. Sometimes the message is delivered by a messenger, as it was to us last night, else we would have been kept at the telephone half of the night. Each home is supplied with a connection to the rail, whether it be in country or city, unless—as in a few isolated cases—they are too far off from the track, living in some barren part of the country where no road has yet been built. These lines are the best transmitters of a message ever known. They contain such an amount of electricity that the current will flash the message all over the land, without being sent and resent at each division, as in former days. If you wished to speak with a friend in Ohio, you would call for the central station of the State you were in; they would connect you with Ohio's central station, and they, when called, would connect through the county central station with the friend's home to whom you wished to talk, and you could talk as long as you

pleased. The connections could be made in a few moments, and as your talking would hinder the use of the rail for no one else, you could talk on until you wished to stop."

They soon reached the park, and such a throng of people! They are warmly greeted by all who can get near enough to speak their greetings and grasp their hands.

The program soon begins, and a good many short, live speeches are made, songs are sung, all have a good time, and when the dinner hour arrives, a table half way across the park is spread, and thousands enjoy eating at the biggest picnic table ever spread anywhere.

While they are eating dinner, the president turns to Neva and says:

"We start to-morrow on our yearly inspection tour of the different branches of the government, and would be pleased if yourself and Mr. Allerton would accompany us."

"I should certainly be very glad to, wouldn't you, Trafford?"

"Certainly. Who could refuse such company and such a trip?"

So it is arranged that they are to start the next morning at ten o'clock for Denver, to inspect the workings of the mining bureau as it affects the silver interest there.

After the reception is over that afternoon, they take a run up to San Francisco, forty miles distant, and view the beach and the many other interesting scenes there, returning to San Jose by dark.

They remain at the same home that they did the night before.

After it becomes dark out of doors, and Neva notices no change of the light in the house, she asks what makes the light remain in the room just as though it were yet day.

She is informed that the walls are coated with a substance (which she had thought was wall paper) that absorbed the light during the day time, and that at night it was given off so that they had perpetual day in their homes, and at no cost except the cost of putting on the coating once every year or two, which was not more than it used to cost to paper a house.

During the evening, a car containing half a dozen men, who belonged to the bureau of electricity, arrived and called upon Trafford, their chief. A consultation was held, lasting until midnight. The subject under consideration was the problem of travel, such as Trafford and Neva had tried upon their long trip and proved so successful. The result of the consultation was that they came to the conclusion that the earth is bounded by an electric belt, which passes around from northwest to southeast, but only a little to the north and south, as was proven by the direction their cars took in their journeys. They then concluded that travel could be arranged for that route, and the parts of the world not reached by this belt could be reached by the other usual modes of travel. They decide to build a series of cars upon an improved plan, and to more fully test this novel idea—this rapid way of traveling.

In 1893 it took eighty days to circumnavigate the globe, which was thought a wonderfully rapid mode of travel; but here and this very week it had been circumnavigated in five days, and one day had been spent in

looking up passengers on the way. Then it took five days to cross the Atlantic, now fifteen hours. Wonderful speed! Then it took six days to go from New York to San Francisco, but now the journey was being made by hundreds every day in fifteen hours. That was called a fast generation, hurry and rush from the cradle to the grave, but what of this? Then there was trouble and anxiety seen in every face, now joy and peace lit up all countenances. Great change! Yet no greater than was that day from the times of their forefathers.

Had the picture of '93 been drawn for our Puritan fathers, they would have called the artist crazy, or that he was possessed of witchcraft. Yes, and had the picture of these days been drawn for the men of '93, he, too, would be considered dreamy and a fellow of imaginary notions; and could the picture of ten years hence be drawn for the people of the fast generation which we have been describing, again the artist would be considered mad. The real facts in the case are, that it is not possible for a man's mind, in the present state of growth, to reach any such a breadth as would be necessary to take in the height, the depth and the length to which this race, to which we belong, is destined to grow in the future, if we will keep on in the present line of advancement, the one intended for us.

But nights still have an end, and the days still come, and so did this one and the next day, and ten o'clock arrived and our friends are seen prepared to begin the round of inspection throughout the land.

CHAPTER XI.

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven and heaven is love."—*Scott.*

The president's car, which had been run onto the switch at the house where they were stopping, hangs ready for occupancy. There are no depots now. The railway system is as the highways used to be. It is government property, and every one either has a car or hires one from some neighbor when he has a trip to make, and just starts off, just as they used to on the highways with their carriages and horses. No tickets to buy; no connections to miss.

In former days the people were the government, and it seemed to act as a great octopus, feeding from the people. Charging was the rule, and for everything from a postage stamp up, never thinking of such a thing as anything being free, the officers thereof acting as leeches, drawing their living from the hard-earned possessions of the citizens, charging for recording deeds up and up through all the many ways they had of doing their work.

Now this has been changed. The people are not the government, but the government is the people. It exists only as an agent and helper for the people, and every improvement or change it makes is not that it may have another opportunity to draw sustenance from the inhabitants, but that it may lessen their labors and increase their possessions.

They were soon seated in the car, the lever is moved and away they go. How easy moves the car. No noise, no smoke, no jar or jerk, but on and on they seemed to fly, past cities, farms, mountains, and over rivers, valleys and canyons. It seemed like flying. The glass sides of the car make it seem as though they were out in the air.

"Why does not this car make the noise that our car did when we were coming back from Africa?" Neva asked.

"That car met the air with a flat side, while this one with a point, which causes no friction or noise," she was answered.

They passed the valleys and over the mountain tops so easy and rapid that it seemed to Neva and the black king, Seoto, as though they had been hurled from some great catapult. It is hardly three o'clock when they pass down the mountain's side and slow up in Denver.

That evening, as Neva and Trafford were walking down the street, who should they meet but Dr. Ruttlidge, who was on his way to Cincinnati, and had stopped over here for a few hours, sight-seeing.

They walked on down the street together, when, as they turned down another street, they came upon a man who was but little more than a walking skeleton, having had the consumption for years.

Neva noticed him, and remarked as they passed on that she thought the doctors ought to be able to do as much for diseased people as the other sciences were in their line.

"Yes, I have thought as much," said Trafford. "You ought to be able to find a remedy that would be the cure-all, for it seems to me that is God's teaching. In the field, where grows alike the burr and the thistle, the

wise farmer steps with his hoe, and with the same instrument and in the same way roots up each alike. The larger obstructions to the raising of a crop can be removed in the same way by the use of a little more force and a larger instrument. All the enemies of the government are treated by the same force, but as their several consequences will necessitate; the sheriff for the single individual and the army for the mob. The little fire takes water to put it out as well as the great fire; the only difference is in the quantity that it takes.

"It seems to me that you ought to be able, by this time, to discover what force life is. The disease in the limb, body or head is caused by the conquering and destroying of the elements of life that went to make up its health, by some of the germs of disease, and the nearer the body comes to death, the more prominent becomes the evidence of a more complete victory on the part of the disease germs over those of life."

"If we should follow out your theory to a successful finale, we would obliterate disease and there would be no more death, and that is impossible," returned the doctor.

"Not so," answered Trafford, "Death is but a change, not annihilation, by any means, and if only a change, why not that change be wrought rightfully? The caterpillar, as he nears the borders of his change, does not waste away in disease, but simply approaches a more perfect caterpillarhood, soon to put on butterflyhood. Elijah got so full of *the* life that his change was caused by a force greater than death and disease, for disease tears down, while his force built up and carried aloft. Paul was so filled with this element of life that it lifted him above the troubles of the body and even up and up to the

third heaven. This great life force so strengthened John's sight that he looked from the isle of Patmos into the far-off heaven. Doctor, when you reach your laboratory, take down your magnifying glasses and chemicals and begin down with the lowest forms of life in the disease germs, and then comparing them with health, on up and up, solve the problem of what leaves the body when disease sets in and health leaves. There is but one remedy for moral contagion and sin; find the remedy for physical contagion and disease."

"If your theory be true, it would solve the problem we have been at work on for a long time, that is, the merging of the different systems or schools of practice into one. At any rate, I shall try and see what I can make of it, Allerton," the doctor replied.

"What is that big, round building there, Trafford, that looks so much like a great, big steam boiler?" asked Neva, who was noticing all the strange things.

"That," said Trafford, "is the city air power boiler."

"And what is that?" she asked.

"From that boiler comes all the power used in the mills, factories, printing offices, etc., of the city. The boiler contains, instead of steam, compressed air, which is forced in there and kept at the required pressure by a very simple contrivance. A great cylinder is arranged with a piston therein, and then a small dynamite cartridge is exploded against it, which forces it in, and with it the air into the boiler, and there is no cost to amount to much about it, either. This pressure is carried to the engine needing it at the factory, in pipes much like the water mains. This, of course, does away with all the steam boilers and their expensive methods of generating force.

The boilers never rust out; no fire-boxes burn out, and the whole plan is so simple that I wonder that it was not used immediately after the scheme was thought of in the air-brake to the railroad trains."

They had been traveling on for some time, talking first on one subject and then another, when Neva again noticed something she could not understand, and asked:

"What are the buildings made of? They don't look like brick, stone or wood."

"No, they are not brick, stone or wood. The buildings put up now are much better, easier and cheaper built than they used to be. The material we use now is wood pulp, very nearly the same we used to make tubs and buckets of. It is much lighter than any other material we could use, and when hardened is as solid and firm as if cut out of a solid block of stone or wood. Buildings are built to all heights needed, and in many fantastic shapes and styles. They act much after the working of the ice house, warmer in winter and cooler in summer."

They stepped into a store, and Neva called for a handkerchief. She was taken to that department of the store, where a number were shown her, each bearing a card, explaining the material they were made of and the price. She picked up one and looked at it, then turned to the clerk and asked:

"Are you sure it is all linen?"

The clerk looked at her in a puzzled manner, and then turned toward Trafford as if to ask what was the matter with that lady.

Trafford then explained to her that these goods had all passed through the government exchange; and that they were guaranteed by the Union to be just as repre-

sented. No one, nowadays, ever questions the qualities of goods offered for sale, for they are all true to name.

"But what has the government to do with them? I don't remember what that plan said, now."

"The government acts as a great exchange between its citizens. It buys what they have to sell and sells them what they have to buy. These goods were bought of the government, to whom they were sold by the factory making them. Thus it is with all the articles of commerce, grain, live stock, cotton, groceries, dry goods, and, in fact, everything is sold by the producer to the government exchange, of which there is one in every town, and many in isolated parts of the country. This exchange acts in much the same capacity that the wholesale houses used to. These goods were bought by this store at a price which all may know, and are in turn sold to their customers at a price fixed by law. Before a merchant can buy goods of the government, he has to give bonds, and agree not to sell anything for other than the published price."

The next day they went out to the mines, and Neva saw some things that made her eyes stick out. This is the way she described what she saw to her mother after their return:

"We were let down into a mine, I don't know how far, and when we got there they took us off into a big room, where they had some queer-looking machines and a great, big wire, all covered over with something like cord. In the side of the room was a hole and into this hole the wire was pushed. After awhile it would go no farther, and they said it had reached the metal at the end of the hole. The man who had charge of the work said

that the attraction of the metal to the wire pulled it in. In a few moments the man moved the lever, and an indicator finger on one of the machines moved and a little motor began to run. The man then took a rod and pulled a plug out of the wire, and out of the hole thus left in a few minutes the bright melted metal began to run. It fell into another machine, which delivered it out in little or big blocks, just as was required. Trafford told me that was the way they mined the metals now, and that an immense amount could be melted out by the electricity in a very short time, and that it did not take much help to run it. The cost, he said, used to be a hundred times as much as now, and the work a hundred times slower. I asked them what they did with the metal, and they said the government bought it all and that it either used it in the many improvements that were being built by the government or sold it to those who wanted it for that purpose. What gold and silver that the people did not use was coined into bricks and stored in the treasury."

Trafford, who had just come in, went on to say that in many of the iron mines were foundries, and the melted metal was then and there run into the shapes and forms wished for. He also informed them, when they asked about the price, that that had remained the same as it had been fixed after they had perfected their present method of mining, so that the miner knew that he was sure of a market and also just what price he would get for it. The industry, he said, was in a very prosperous condition, and could not meet fully the demands that were made upon it for material with which to build the immense amount of improving now going on everywhere.

The next morning they were away to the east, expect-

ing to inspect the workings of the live stock bureau, as seen in the great packing houses of Kansas City, which was now the center of that industry.

They were soon out of Colorado and into Western Kansas, when Neva expressed a desire to go out and see the place from which she started on that strange journey, so the car was stopped at what was then a town, but which had grown to a large city now. There their car was turned northward and they were soon landed at the place looked for, which was no longer a sand hill, but a well improved farm. They started out to walk around a little, but had not gone far when a jack rabbit started up and ran off a short distance and then stopped. Seoto had never seen one before, and, of course, did not know what it was, and his true nature came to the front in a moment; he jerked off his shoes, which were something he had never seen until he saw them on Trafford, but had been induced by Neva to put on a pair, and started out through the field for that swift animal. While the rabbit trotted liesurely ahead of him as if trying to tempt him to run faster, the big black man ran his best. In a few moments they saw him stop, then sit down, then roll over and then he yelled, an awful yell.

They wondered if he had gone crazy, or what the matter was. Had his old savage nature come back, and was he enraged into a crazy fit of temper by his unsuccessful attempt? They hurriedly went to the scene to see what the matter was. It did not take them long to find out, for there he lay on his back in the center of a large sand burr patch. Did you ever see a sand burr? Then you know what misery he must have been in, with their thousands of sharp, pointed hooks sticking into him. It

took them half an hour to get the burrs off from him and get back to the car, but the hooks on the sharp points which had broken off in his flesh gave him trouble for a long time.

When they were safely seated in their car and on the way again, Trafford spoke up:

"That little occurrence of Seoto's has set me to thinking. It seems to me that the plow and the cultivator are too slow a way of getting rid of the weeds, and I believe that we ought to be able to find out the combination of the elements that go to produce weeds, which God said was a curse to the ground, and when we find it, so change as to be able to kill all these plants that are a detriment to us. When our race was sent out on the face of the earth the Creator said they were to subdue it, and here thousands of years after that time, and we have not done as commanded yet. I shall call the attention of our chief of botany to this line of thought and research, and see if he cannot solve it."

"A new thought to me," returned the president, "but I believe there is something in it."

After they had talked a short time on this question, Neva had another question to ask:

"Tell me how it is that this country is so well improved now and seems to have such good crops, when, at the time I left, it was a land which dried out and drove away its inhabitants about every other year?"

"That change has been caused," the president answered, "by our system of rain-making. Have you not noticed in the papers the rain calendar?"

"Yes, I saw that, but I thought that it was simply some weather prophet's prognostications."

"No, it was not. That was a real calendar. We have a good shower in the locality the date states on each one of the days mentioned there. The way it is done is through the electric railway, which acts as a great electric highway. The electricity therein is not made by generators, as you may have supposed, but is attracted from Nature about it. Well, when we want a rain in Western Kansas, the current of electricity is turned on there in greater quantity by being drawn from the balance of the system. This greater amount causes it to overflow its track and charge the atmosphere, which makes it rain. When we want it to stop, all that has to be done is to again open the connections and the force is drawn down from the heavens and it stops raining. It used to be taught that the rain came from the great bodies of water and the moist soil by evaporation, and was blown about in the clouds by the wind, but we have changed our minds wonderfully on that scheme now, and have found out that the rain can be and is drawn from the great sources of moisture by the power of the electricity, just as a flame will draw the oil from the bowl of the lamp through the wick. We very often have some water fall before the moisture in the atmosphere has risen enough to cause a cloud. This equalization of the electricity does away with all lightning and thunder storms; no more cyclones, great blows, hot winds, and no sudden and great change in the temperature."

They have reached Kansas City, and the car is switched off and they go to the home of the president's brother, who lives there, to remain that night, intending on the morrow to make the examination of the packing houses here.

CHAPTER XII.

"All things are artificial, for nature is the art of God."
—*Browne.*

The next morning they paid a visit to the packing interests, and found them covering acres and acres of ground. Here the government had one of its central storages for stock and meats. The head of one of the great houses, in explaining the process of meat curing, told them how the farmer disposed of his stock at the town near which he lived, to the government agent. The stock was then loaded into cars, which were made for that purpose, each car being able to hold about ten head of cattle or about forty head of hogs. When loaded, these cars were moved from the switch to the main track, a card was attached, which gave the name and address of the agent sending them, also the number of pounds, which was for the purpose of enabling the clerks to keep the account with the right man, the lever is then moved, and away the stock goes at the rate of two hundred miles an hour to the central station, where they are turned out into some of the pens of the great yards to await their time of departure for the killing rooms, when purchased by the buyers. They are either packed down then and disposed of to the government or shipped, through the same medium, as fresh meat all over the land.

"And do you have refrigerator cars now as they used to have?" Neva was then told that they yet used the refrigerator car, but the principal method of preserving the meat fresh was by the chilling process, which, he

went on to explain, was the removal from the meat and the boxes it was packed in of that which caused it to spoil, just as the disease germs could be killed by infection in a sick room, or air-poisoned alley.

An immense amount of meat was now used by our people, and it kept all the houses of the land at work on full hours, and with a large force of hands, to anywhere near supply the demand. He also said that the meat or butcher shops of the land were supplied from these great centers. There was no killing done around through the county, not even by the stock-raisers themselves. When they wished to butcher, as it used to be called, they simply took a steer or hog to the exchange and sold him, and at the meat shop would buy what they wished with the proceeds thereof, and have about as much meat as they would have had, and now it is cured or chilled, and will keep. Here, as elsewhere, the government was the exchange between the consumer and the houses preparing it.

On the way back from the packing house they stepped into a newspaper office to see how this business was now carried on. Here they were told—for Neva was not backward in asking questions—that there was a government news bureau, which had charge of the gathering of all the news, except the local news, which would be used only by the one paper. The news, from wherever it happened, was sent to the central news bureau by the 'phone, and there it was culled and sent out to all the newspaper offices in the land. There was no charge for the news furnished, but the government sold all the supplies and machinery needed, which they had bought from the manufactories, and in this, as in everything else

that passed through the government exchange, there was added a margin of five per cent for handling, which went to pay the expenses of the government.

When the news was checked off from the 'phone in the newspaper office, it was handed to a man who was sitting at an instrument much like a large typewriter. In the large daily offices they had many of these machines. With this machine a paper is printed just as they wish to issue, and the pictures inserted in their proper places. The photographic plate then becomes the matrix, into which the metal is poured, which becomes the type for printing. This is then put on the machine, which is much like the ones they used to use, only more simple and rapid. There has been but little change in the mailing facilities, except in the speed with which they are delivered. The government mailing clerks each have a car in which they travel upon their several routes. The mailing and express systems are now combined. There is no charge made in the mailing part, but a small fee is charged in the express department at so much a pound, independent of the distance it has to go. The free delivery system, greatly improved, is in use in all the cities and most populous country districts.

Here in Kansas City, the government has just completed a large building, which has an auditorium capable of seating one hundred thousand people, and upon the stage at the end there has been placed the screen and speaking tubes of one of the latest improved of Allerton's inventions. This is to be the only one in existence, and belongs to the nation, but is placed under the control of Trafford. It is intended, when it is ready for working, to give each evening some song, speech or occurrence of

the long ago. The auditorium will be open to all who wish to enter and listen to it, and a connection will also be made with the 'phone system, and all the homes of the land can attach their speaking tubes and listen to it if they wish. As the party passed into the building to see and examine the yet unused machine, for it was finished but a week or ten days ago, Trafford explained that they could now furnish plates of any desired size for home use, to which the connection could be made, and in the many homes of this favored land they could see the scenes as well as hear the sounds.

They stepped upon the stage and looked around. All that could be seen there was the great metal sheet, forty feet high and two hundred feet long; at each end and at the center of the top and bottom were placed the speaking tubes, each of which would speak the same sounds simultaneously, and thus, surrounding the scene, it would seem that the sounds were from the characters on the canvas. In a closed room at one side of the stage is the globe and machines used in the work. They no longer use a balloon high up in the air, but now the great plate, charged with electricity, rises of itself, this city being in the same current or belt that Neva took her great journey in. They take seats, and Neva asks the man whom Trafford has appointed to care for the machine to show them, if he can, the place they were at in Africa.

The man replied that if she could tell him just where it was in that great country, that he could find it, but that looking for some uncertain locality with this machine was like turning a mighty telescope toward the heavens in search of some particular star and not know where that star was, yet he would try.

The machine is now so improved that no preparatory work is necessary, but it is always ready. He sits down at a large table, which has a metal top, upon one-half of which is engraved a map of the world, and over which hangs a sharp-pointed arm. On the other half of the table is engraven a long column of dates, which extend in point of time from the present back to "B. C. 3500," and in a small engraven square in the corner of this half is the months and days of the month, and over each one of these diagrams hangs a pointed arm, just like the one over the other part.

The operator first takes one of the arms and touches it to the place marked "Now," and the other arm on that side of the table is touched to the day and month representing that time. He then asks Neva to come to the table and move the other arm to the locality on the map she wished to see and hear from. She sat down at the table, facing the metal canvas, and taking the pointed rod in her hand touched it to a point on the map representing Eastern Africa.

The second it was touched a scene flashed over the screen. It showed a mountain and the valley at its base, which was covered with a dense forest. Coming up at one side of the mountain could be seen a rain cloud; the flash of the lightning could be seen, and the speaking-tubes rang out the roar of the thunder. They also heard the roar of a lion and the laugh of a hyena, but could not see them down in the forest, the foliage on the trees was so dense.

She then moved the point a little to the east, and at once was seen upon the screen the rippling bosom of a great lake. Water birds could be seen swimming in the

water and flying above its surface, and the sounds coming forth were from the birds seen on the canvas.

Again it was moved, and a little village of thatched huts is plainly shown. In the village can be plainly seen a large number of black men engaged in deadly conflict, and the tubes speak forth the confusion of sounds coming therefrom. But look at Seoto. He has arisen from his chair and started for the scene, his eyes flashing fire, and his fists clinched. They finally succeed in convincing him that he cannot help them, for they are thousands of miles away.

"But they are my people," he exclaims. "See, they are killing them. Look—see—see—they are whipping the robbers; they fall back—they run; they are driven off," he excitedly exclaims, as the scene shows one side driving the other, with great slaughter, from the town.

"Let me go home," he begs. "My people are free again. Send me home."

Neva succeeds in quieting him, but the old fellow is so excited yet that in a few moments he breaks out again, talking about his people, and walks about. He is so happy at the success of his people, that he rushes up to shake Neva's hand, and grasping hold of her arm, he jerks her hand, which still holds the point to the table, entirely off from the map and out onto one side of the table, where it rests.

Look now at the screen; there are bare mountains, bleak valleys and barren deserts pictured thereon. No sound escapes the tubes, and all is solemn silence. They look and look at the scene. Not a sign of life; no motion; all a seemingly cold, barren waste.

"Where is that scene from?" the president asks.

Trafford looks at the point in which the arm is placed, then, taking down an astronomical map, studies it for a few moments, and answers:

"I believe, from the position that point is in and the direction the moon is now from the earth, that that must be the moon."

But how plain it is shown. Even the great rocks can be seen, and the chasms seem to open their great mouths in astonishment at having their likenesses shown up here so plainly.

Neva slowly moves the point around and different parts of the moon are brought into view. They cross its great barren plains, pass over the (what seems to be) frozen surface of its mighty oceans, climb its mountains, look down into the craters of its cold and extinct volcanoes, until they are awed into silence by the great mass of seemingly useless material thrown around so promiscuously here.

"Who ever thought of reaching the moon with this machine?" said Trafford, and then excitedly said, as a thought or new idea seemed to run through his brain:

"You hold that point there and I'll move this other arm down the alley of time and see if the moon has always been as it is now."

He slowly moves the arm back century after century, but no change, no sound until he comes to the date, B. C. 3,000, then they notice that there is shown in the picture a few almost dried-up rivers, and the ocean's surface is piled with great blocks of ice, and the volcano's crater is red-hot at the bottom. He moves it back as far as the scale of the machine will reach, B. C. 3,500, and the rivers flow through the land in many directions; the

ocean is an open body of water; clouds hang about over the surface of the sea and land; vast plains are covered with a green carpet, and then here and there is a large forest; and look there at that volcano; see the fire and smoke; see that melted lava run down the side of the mountain and into the sea; see the vast amount of steam that arises where the lava pours into the sea, and listen; the tubes are speaking; hear the hiss of the steam and the roar of the volcano—

"Move the point, Neva."

As it moves, grand scenery comes into view. There are strange sounds coming from the machine now. Is it the song of birds? Is it the sighing of the breeze? Maybe it is the melody of the babbling brooks. They have no means of telling what the cause thereof may be. The point is moved around and they watch the screen and listen to the sounds for a long time, and oh, how they wish for a machine that will take them back and back to the creation. Would it, if they had such a machine, show that the moon had been inhabited, and what would the inhabitants be like? Many questions they wonderingly asked one another; but they must not stay here any longer, they have business to attend to, so arise and leave the building.

It is with wide open eyes that the astronomers read the account of this new discovery, as it comes out in the evening papers, and not only do the astronomers read it with eagerness, but the vast population of our land read it in astonishment.

The nation is pleased with the first test of the machine and there is a mighty rush of orders for metal plates for home use, that these sounds and scenes may come to the

private homes also. Thousands of the plates of all sizes are shipped each day and put up in the private residences, and the factories are rushed night and day supplying the hundreds of thousands called for.

But to return to our party, who, that evening, take a run up to Chicago, and where on the next day they meet to consult with the heads of the department of finance.

While the president, the chief of the department, and many of the bankers are holding their consultation, one of the cashiers sits down with Neva and, in answer to her request to explain the financial system of the land, he begins:

"To begin at the beginning," and he hands her a piece of paper, which she recognizes as a $50 bill. "Now, if you will read the words engraved thereon you will get some idea of what our money really is."

And she read aloud: "This represents $50 in purchasing value and is a full legal tender for all debts, public and private." She saw that it bore the government stamp, and that the president's name was thereon as well as the register of the treasury.

"But what do you do when you need gold in your dealings with other nations?" she asked.

"Our treasury contains millions of it, but as the government makes all our purchases from abroad and all the sales there, the gold is only used as a world's money. We do not handle any of it, to amount to anything, in our banks. There is never such a thing as a corner in gold, as the nation sells but little of gold money to the people, and is not compelled to sell any if they thought it best not to do so.

"You now see what our money is. It needs no gold backing, for it is not a promise to pay, but simply repre-

sents a purchasing value. This is the only kind of money we have. The banks issue none. The government has no outstanding bonds or indebtedness. That was long since wiped out by the great amount received in its duties as an exchange. Our banks do much the same business they used to."

"But have you the postal deposit system that they used to talk so much about?"

"No," was the reply. "The banks are still the place of deposit, but the government guarantees all the deposits. Before a bank can begin business it must deposit with the government $50,000. They then receive authority to open as banks of deposit, exchange, etc., as they used to. The government then guarantees the deposits to the amount of $50,000 or whatever amount above that they have placed on deposit with the nation. The amount of their deposits with the government may be increased or diminished at any time by returning the guarantee and furnishing evidence that they have no more on deposit than they wish to leave in the national treasury, provided that no bank shall have less than $50,000 on deposit with the government at any time. But it is made a penitentiary offense to take more on deposit than is guaranteed by the government. Our rates of interest have fallen so that it is seldom that we can get a large loan for a long time at the required rate—four per cent.

"This, of course, has a tendency to cause rich people to put their money into more paying channels, such as factories, mills, farms, etc.; and this is the best for the country, too, for it causes it to be built up and improved thereby."

"But how is this immense expense to the government kept up?"

"I will answer that by reading you a report I have, which is to be read to the convention this afternoon, which is to be used there as the report of the income of the government for the past year. These figures are but approximate; the exact figures will be given in the treasurer's report when it comes out at the end of the year. These figures are given in the amount of production, then in the value as in our present prices:

Wheat, bushels,	800,000,000	value	$	800,000,000
Oats, "	600,000,000	"		240,000,000
Corn, "	2,500,000,000	"		1,250,000,000
Cotton, bales,	10,000,000	"		1,000,000,000
Cattle, head,	40,000,000	"		2,000,000,000
Hogs, "	60,000,000	"		1,200,000,000
Sheep, "	50,000,000	"		500,000,000
Mining productions				400,000,000
Manufactured articles of all kinds, value				10,000,000,000
Total				$17,390,000,000
All of this is handled by the government twice, or				34,780,000,000
Upon all of which it gets five per cent, or				$ 1,739,000.000

"The running expenses of the nation have been cut down to about $100,000,000 per year, so you see that we have the vast sum of over $1,700,000,000 to devote wholly to the uses of the government, such as the care of the helpless and the aged (we have no paupers), the building of public buildings, colleges, churches, school houses, bridges, parks, to drain off swampy lands and fit them for settlement, and thousands of other things."

After they had left the convention and were sight-seeing around, Trafford proposed that they go over and see the Fair.

"What kind of a fair have they here?" asked Neva.

"You remember that some years ago they had a World's Fair here. Well, that was rebuilt, and on a much grander scale than the former. This one is opened the

year round, Sundays excepted. Here, every new invention finds its way, to be seen and studied by our people, for we have no patent laws now. The government pays very liberally for all new inventions that are worthy of introduction, and as they are made, takes them off of the maker's hands and in turn introduces them into use. Things new and old in all the sciences and art are to be found there. Everything you could think of and more, too. This is kept up by the government and is free to every one."

—The balance of the day was spent at the fair, and as they returned home a little after dark, they noticed that some of the business houses had been painted over with the coating used to light the interior of their residences, and that it was preferable to the light furnished by the electric lighting methods. The president remarked that it would not be long until all our larger cities would be lighted that way.

That evening they sent for the chief of the botany department and suggested to him the propriety of searching for a remedy against the weed and thistle malady, which is the curse of the farming industry. They were surprised to find that he was already to work in that very line and was meeting with encouraging success. He said that he expected by next year to be able to as thoroughly inoculate the obnoxious thistles and weeds with a deadly disease as they now could the insects, bugs and worms that used to be such a destructive pest.

That evening Trafford is called by Rev. Elverton, who is still in California, and informed that a great religious convention would be held in the auditorium at Kansas City, with his leave, the next day. The delegates from

the different denominations had been elected and given the necessary power to arrange the matters as was seen fit, and that as they were ready and anxious to meet, they had been called so soon. He also asked our party to be present, to which they agreed.

CHAPTER XIII.

"All government, indeed, every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue, and every prudent act is founded on compromise."—*Burke.*

The convention was presided over by Rev. Elverton, and all passed off peaceably and with unanimity. People had learned by this time to arise above petty strifes and jealousies, and but few of the delegates indulged in any "vain strivings about the law," and those who did were quickly voted down by the convention, and it was decided to unite. But it was a long time before they could arrange all the particulars of the union. They could not unite in word, but then they read those words of Paul, "The kingdom of God is not in word, but in power," so, of course, it was not in word that they wished to unite, but when they looked up higher, a spiritual base could be seen, "The faith once delivered to the saints," upon which all true Christians could stand. The Bible did not describe any two conversions just alike, so they need not expect the operations of salvation to affect them all alike, but each one in his own way, as God saw fit to impress the truths of the Bible upon that soul.

So the articles of union were drawn and signed. There was quite a change in the locations and standing of the preachers, yet those who were really in earnest made no complaint. As they were as useful to the national welfare as any other of the nation's public men, the officials of the government proposed to pay them from the public treasury, but this they would not accept, for it would rob

the people of one of their greatest privileges, that of giving to help the progress of the gospel.

Morality was now the general rule and not the exception as formerly.

The liquor traffic having been banished from the land, being the greatest cause of this change in the morality. The first step that was taken by the government to put out the curse was to cut down its price and profits to the same ratio that everything else was fixed at, this only for medical or scientific purposes. In its use as a beverage, the next step, which accomplished its death, was the law which made the man who furnished the liquor to another, which led him to commit a crime, subject to the same penalty that his victim had to pass through. And Allerton's machine did away with any hopes of not being detected therein. There was no profit in it, and it was too dangerous for men to fool with, when they could make a splendid living and lay up something besides in any other business, so they quit.

As they were leaving the city for Cincinnati, the next stop, Neva asked how it was that they got along without poor houses, for she had been told that there were none.

"There are no poor houses," she was answered, "because there are no poor to put in them. The government guarantees plenty of work to all. If they can find no work at home, the government always has a great demand for laborers of all kinds, and they are sure of a position for any length of time they wish, and at good wages.

"Aged and infirm people are not treated as paupers, but if they have not enough to keep them comfortably, a salary equal to two-thirds of what they might have made were they able to work, is paid them from the public treasury."

"There is another thing I have been wanting to ask about, and that is, how do you conduct the immigration business now?" asked Neva.

"The matter of citizenship is somewhat different and more strict than it used to be," the president answered. "Visitors to our land procure from their home governments certificates of their good moral character, which are presented to the clerk at the port of entry, where they make a statement of the length of time they expect to stay, and their purpose in coming. If they are just visitors, they are allowed to go on unmolested, but if they have no certificates they are not allowed to enter. In other words, Uncle Sam tries to be as careful of his children as fathers and mothers do of their children. No one who would be an injury to our land in any way is allowed to land, though visitors from all lands are welcome, if they are all right and come with good intentions.

"To become a citizen of the Union, the emigrant must certify to the clerk at the port of entry, as he presents his certificate, that he comes expecting to become a citizen, when a certificate of citizenship on trial is given him, which is good for five years. He becomes a citizen at the end of the five years if he has been able to and has passed the yearly examinations on the duties of a citizen to the government and our mode and method of government, and the English language. The examinations are so arranged that by the time he has passed them all he is pretty well informed about this country, and is able to talk with us in our language; then, after he has taken the oath of citizenship and loyalty, he becomes a full-fledged citizen. But if, after five years' residence here, he fails to pass the examinations, he is sent back to the country

from which he came, and the property he has acquired is purchased from him at its value and the price thereof, less transportation charges, is paid him. Of course, there are a few exceptions to this rule, as, for instance, an aged person who comes over with his family and children, who expect to become citizens; the aged person is then allowed to remain, but never becomes a citizen, and is never paid any of the sums paid to our citizen aged and infirm. Sickness or some other unlooked for trouble, over which the applicant has no control, may give him the privilege of an extension of the trial period.

"The privilege of becoming a citizen of this land carries with it such golden opportunities that it is necessary to make these laws very stringent and binding. All the things which they had to pass were placed in the course of study of our common schools, and our own children were obliged to learn them as well.

"No more thugs and criminals from foreign lands are landed here, for we hold the country issuing the certificates responsible for the truth thereof. Thus dissatisfied people in England, Russia, Germany, Italy and the other countries of the world can not come over here, only to be dissatisfied still, as some of them would with any form of government that held their passions and meanness in check, but must have first been good, law-abiding citizens there. Neither are people coming over here from other lands just for the purpose of gain, only to return with their plunder when they get enough to satisfy them. No foreigner can acquire land or property here; he must declare his intention of becoming a citizen and live here and pass the yearly examinations, or go back."

They reach Cincinnati, and that evening Trafford walks over to the office of Dr. Ruttlidge. The door is partly open and he walks in. There sits the doctor at his table, surrounded with bottles, chemicals, glasses and who knows what all. He is talking to himself, but loud enough to be plainly heard:

"I thought I had it. Where did I miss that link? The life, the life—where, where is it—not in the breath—of what does it consist?" He studies on; see him work; see how he sweats. Again he speaks: "Where shall I look for it now?"

"'The life of the flesh is in the blood,' the inspired writer tells us. Why not go to the great physician for help?" said Trafford, and then, before the doctor could answer him, he had gone.

The next morning as Neva and Trafford were sitting at the balcony window, looking out upon the busy city, a happy thought seemed to come to Trafford, and he turned to his companion and said:

'I don't see how I could have got along another year without you, Neva—"

"Oh, I suppose you would have got along all right, but what would have become of me?" was her quick answer.

"Well, my darling, I do not want you to get away again, and, by the way, don't you think that now would be a good time to set the day?"

"What day?" she teasingly inquired.

"The day of all days to me, the—"

"Yes, what day? I would like to know, too," said the president, as he quickly and quietly stepped into the room, having approached unobserved and taken them by surprise.

"Well, did you drop down from the roof, Mr. President?" was all that Trafford could say.

The president did not notice the interruption and did not wait for an answer, but continued:

"Maybe I am not welcome just now, but let me offer a suggestion, and then I'll retire. It is this: It will take us a few days to finish up our examinations and reach the capital. I propose that the date be set at the end of this trip and the place at the auditorium in Kansas City. I'll see to the arrangements at the auditorium. When you have decided let me know. Good morning," and the president was gone.

'Tis not necessary to parade the conversation of these lovers before the public any further, except to record the fact that the president's invitation was accepted.

That afternoon, as they were all sitting on the porch, Scoto, who never had much to say, but who had kept up a great deal of thinking, asked the following question:

"Why cannot you annex Africa to the Union and have this same grand government down there? I have noticed this land, and, while you have many great cities and wonderful improvements, yet I don't believe you have half as good ground here to raise crops from as over there in that great continent. If these methods of controlling the storms could be used there and the same wonderful methods of farming be used as are in use here, I am sure immense crops would be the result. Just try your electric plows there, go there with your great seeders, and you will need greater harvesting and threshing machines than you now have; yes, your present husking machines, which go over twenty acres a day, will have to be improved to work there. For centuries those lands have been enriched

by the decay of the immense vegetation, and now must be very near perfection."

"What an idea," returned the president. "Quite an acquisition to the Union Africa would be. If it were purchased from the natives and opened to homesteaders, what a rush there would be. We will think more of this proposition in the near future, Seoto."

There is a call at the 'phone and Trafford attends to it. 'Tis Dr. Ruttlidge talking, and he tells Trafford this:

"I've found it. I've found it. Your words helped me into the light. I have proven it correct," and then he goes on to explain what his discovery is and what he expects therefrom. The plan of cure will now be to inoculate the sick with the germs of life, and in such an amount as to be able to wholly overcome the disease germs of any disease. It means cure for all disease. He also adds that he is sure it will act as a cure for insanity and imbecility. Through the discovery just made, he says, the electrician will be able to kill all the germs of disease afloat in the air, and to thoroughly disinfect the country.

"Can it be possible?" asks the president.

"Yes, I believe it can. I have thought for a long time that some such remedy must be found."

"Would this method of cleaning out the disease germs be applied to Africa, what a glorious country that would be to live in," added Neva and Seoto, almost in the same breath.

The conversation is continued on during the afternoon and evening. Many plans are laid for the future and great hopes built thereon.

The next day they set out again on their mission and visit in the next few days many cities, and complete the

TRAVELING IN THE FUTURE

examination of the departments of the government. The trip is over and they arrive at Kansas City this evening. To-morrow the marriage service between Trafford Allerton and Neva Tyrole is to take place.

The nation has heard of the coming event and has long since nodded in approval thereof. The city will be filled with thousands of people, and other thousands who have their homes fitted with the plates to connect with Trafford's great machine will sit in their parlors, with their neighbors who have none, and they will all see and hear simultaneously the events of the morrow in the auditorium. The arrangements are all made.

The new car for traveling in the electric belt around the globe has been finished, tried and found to be a success, which at the same time explained that strange message from Australia, received in the mountain cave. They were both in the same belt and reached the same conditions and connected.

The wedding tour is to be made in this car, together with the parents, the president and his wife, around the globe, stopping at the most interesting points along the way, and leaving Seoto at his forest home to do what he can toward bringing those people to a desire for union with this Union.

The hour of meeting at the auditorium arrives The room is packed by over a hundred thousand people. The wedding party comes in and are given seats at the side of the stage. The president then steps to the platform and announces that the singing will be by a choir from the long ago, and the machine is set to work:

The song it has sang out a few times before again bursts out, but this time the metal screen shows a beauti-

ful scene, the host of the angelic throng. Such a wedding occasion no one ever attended before. Look at the happy faces; feel the heart-beats of rapture; see the angel throng and hear the song. The whole audience feels as if lifted heavenward.

When the song dies away the machine is turned on Niagara, and they see the great falls and hear the awful roar thereof. Then away to the Yellowstone park, where they linger for some time before turning to the Yosemite, where they see the falls, the mighty cliffs, and the grandeur of this place. From here the machine turns to bring up the wonderful scenery of the Rockies, then leaps far away to the Alps, the Rhine, down into Africa, across to India, and then the point is fixed on the North Pole, and that mysterious, imaginary nothing but a frozen plain is viewed with satisfaction. From here the instrument is turned to the moon, and then back and back, as on a former occasion, through the alley of time, until the people, as did Trafford, wished for a more far-reaching machine. Now it is turned toward the sun and a bright flash covers the screen. The point is moved here and there on the sun's surface and finally comes to a dark place, which looks like a hole through a luminous haze, with a dark bottom, the surface of the sun. The haze which surrounds the sun looks more like an electric light than any other light they can think of. Then from there the machine is turned back to the earth and to Palestine, and the time finger placed at the part of the calendar marked "BC992," and they hear the songs and the music which rang out at the dedication of Solomon's temple.

This song dies away and soon ceases to echo from wall to wall, but not in each heart, when Rev. Elverton

steps to the front and thus addresses that great audience, and, through the telephone system, millions not able to be there to-day:

"Kings, emperors and presidents of other nations, who have so kindly accepted our invitation and are here with us to-day, and my brothers and sisters of America: With feelings of joy and exultation I stand before you to address you to-day. We are mingled here, representatives of every nation on earth, and it is proper and fitting that on this great occasion, the first ever held where all countries were represented, and in this glorious union, to which all the nations of the earth now look for examples in government, and in the presence of the two to whom we, as members of the human family, owe our deepest gratitude—for they have been willing servants in God's hands of bringing us to this glorious rest—that I recount some of our victories and the means used to win them. I am at once impressed with our unworthiness. How slow we have been, through the ages past, to grasp the teachings at our hand of this glorious Jubilee Day, and the more glorious ones yet to be reached; for 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. Now we have received the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.'

"The means of reaching our present state were at hand all through the dark hours of the past. They were flamed into the prophets' minds, thundered from the law's height, hymned in the psalms, sighed in the wailings and sung in angels' songs, and yet we did not realize their import. We stumbled and fell over them,

and even pushed them away, when they were so anxious to serve us in opening our eyes from darkness to this marvelous light.

"Our eyes began to open, when in yonder cave the lightning's flash touched the marvelous work of Mr. Allerton's hands, and spread upon the screen that wonderful picture in the garden, and those words burst forth: 'Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat, but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatèst thereof thou shalt surely die.'

"How true that was, yet we read it again and again and failed to see it. Who, but God, who hath made the eternal separations between good and evil, could decide the one from the other? And our first parents, the first time they attempted to decide, made a mistake, and there lost the peaceful, happy estate of the garden. Have we not been trying ever since, by our many commandments, statutes and laws, to decide what is wrong and put a penalty thereto? and, oh! how many grievous mistakes have been made. Man, a finite creature, decide upon infinite things? The very thought of it appalls us. Why the laws and teachings of Revelation? Because man is not in a condition in an earthly, ignorant state to make heavenly, omniscient decisions. And the next command: 'Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it, and have dominion over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.' At once Cain went out and decided he knew how to replenish the earth, and killed Abel, another mistake, by leaning unto man's understanding; and ever since our people have followed in his tracks.

"We have been saying ever since Adam: 'We cannot have dominion,' when God commands it; but we now begin to see that we can, and the mysteries are being unfolded from: 'The creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.' Yes, and Isaiah's prophecy will soon be fulfilled: 'The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them.'

"We have always been taught that we are all of one great family or one great body, with God as head or father. If this is so, the hand has ever been digging out the eye, the foot refusing to go, the heart withholding its nourishing blood, and the lungs closing their doors of usefulness. As family, brother has been robbing brother and ruining sisters through all time. Our message teaches us now, of the family, with renewed vigor. To the parents the children go for help, and there take and unload their burdens and cares.

"'The government shall be upon His shoulders,' not ours, and He is one with the Father. Why not to Him, as government, go for help, also to be unburdened? He is the Mediator between God and man, and also between man and man. When this great invention recalled to our minds such teaching as the following, we began to see that His method was our only hope, and that it was sure: 'Behold, the Lord God will come with a strong hand, and His arm shall rule for Him.' 'And the Desire of all nations shall come.' None but Im-

manuel (God-with-us) would be the desire of all nations. 'The spirit of wisdom, understanding, counsel, might and knowledge shall be upon him, and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears.' After studying these and many other such thoughts in the message, we begun to catch a glimpse of the great scheme intended for us, the one great family. It was thus the ancient patriarchs, priests, prophets, judges and kings conducted the affairs of the nation during its successful periods, and a step to one side from the plan led to disaster and ruin.

"Well, we met in convention, we talked it over, heard the message anew, and then repealed all laws contrary to this plan, and made it the universal law of the land. Now, our government is a great agency between the people, and the state, county and city laws are but steps leading up to the great central point, and that founded on the Revealed Word. The rules of all cities are alike, as well as of all counties and states. There is now no repealing or making of laws. They are the perfect code from an omniscient Being, and cannot be added to or subtracted from. We now know how to observe the injunction: 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.' Has a man too much grain, stock, goods, or anything useful, he thinks of those who need it; but not knowing who they are, he leaves it with the great national eye, the government; it pays him therefor the fixed price, and the one in need makes his wants known to this same medium of exchange, and is satisfied. It is the same with labor and all intellectual attainments. The nation has use for all. Departments of government are established for each

branch of the sciences, for religious research, invention, music, etc., where the best professors are stationed at government expense to perfect these branches, their discoveries being at once put into use by the nation, whose property they are. No patents or copyrights now, but all follow the golden rule and defraud no one. The immense amount now flowing into the government from the tithe is what has so wonderfully built up our inner improvements, as you see them now. To prove it all, we will ask for a message from this machine now."

The lever moves, the machine rolls on, and in a few moments there stands in likeness upon the screen a form which holds their attention. Words cannot describe the appearance, but to gaze thereon calls up all the tenderest feelings of the breast, awakens all that is good, pure and noble within us, melts all that is wrong, and causes to burn with a thousandfold lustre all that is saintly within the heart. Before this form the great, the noble and the famous of all ages have fallen in adoration. We think of love, mercy and truth, and our hearts seem endeavoring to burst their bounds as we behold the Lilly of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star. Behold! He speaks: "I am the way, the truth and the life. Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Then upon the screen is another change, and with uplifted hand stands one to bear testimony to this great Physician, and describe the workings of his remedy: "Love suffereth long and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly; seeketh not her own; is not provoked; thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the

truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things; love never faileth."

A sharp click from the machine and all is over.

The president of England arises and speaks: "It is plain to my mind that all this is for all the world, and that we should all be one great government; and in token that we each of us, who are representatives of the nations of the world, will see to it that we are all united in this one great, grand and glorious compact, under the covenants of old, 'If ye will obey my voice and keep my covenant, ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests and a holy nation.'" And all those representatives answered: "All that the Lord hath spoken we will do." They joined hands in token of the vow, while Trafford and Neva stepped to the center of the ring, where stood the preacher, who in a brief service pronounced them husband and wife.

Here we must leave them, patient reader, to pursue their life of peace and joy, hoping that they may never meet a wave to retard their pleasant voyage down the river of life. This and the mighty problems in connection with the union in one great government of all the world, and the possibilities of Africa and India, are questions we may not grapple with now, and can only answer your inquiry: "Is it possible?"

"Yes, IT MIGHT BE."

Epworth Organs

NOTED FOR

Richness of Tone,
Durability of Action,
Finish of Case.

These superior instruments are sold by the makers direct to homes at

Net Factory Prices

Thereby saving our people the usual agent's expenses and profits, enabling one to secure a high grade instrument at an honest price.

Shipped on approval, no money asked until organ arrives, is tested and found perfectly satisfactory.

Catalogue, pictures and factory prices free, if you state where you saw this advertisement.

Write to-day

Williams Organ and Piano Company,

CHICAGO, ILL.

ESTABLISHED 1800.

FOSGATE'S ANODYNE CORDIAL,

—CURES—

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, WIND COLIC, CRAMPS, CHILDREN TEETHING. FOR CHRONIC DIARRHŒA THERE IS NOTHING EQUAL TO IT.

An Old Reliable Family Medicine in Use for Nearly 100 Years.

Read Testimony of Mrs. Jane C. Rogers, late Superintendent of Cayuga Asylum for Destitute Children at Auburn, N. Y.

I have been superintendent at the Cayuga Asylum for Destitute Children 31 years; during all this time have used Fosgate's Anodyne Cordial, for many ills that my young flock are heir to, with unvarying success. I always keep a supply of it in our medicine chest, and would not be without it. For the bowel complaints that are common to children and for infants teething there is nothing equal to it. Dated, June 1st, 1891, Auburn, Cayuga Co., N. Y. (Signed.) MRS. JANE C. ROGERS.

Mothers will find it particularly useful for CHILDREN when TEETHING, as it allays irritation, induces moderate perspiration, and produces sleep, being superior to all other remedies.

For sale by Druggists or sent by mail on receipt of price.

PRICE 35 CENTS.

—FROM—

FOSGATE'S MEDICAL LABORATORY,

AUBURN, N. Y.

FOSGATE'S ANODYNE CORDIAL.

WILLIAM FOSGATE, JR.,

PROPRIETOR AND MANUFACTURER.

PERTINENT THOUGHTS.

Bishop Warren, of the M. E. Church, says of this work: "I am persuaded that we, as a church, must face the great problems on which thousands are thinking. Do your best. You cannot go amiss, if you feel that Christ says to you, 'Give ye them to eat.' He has provided a remedy for every possible ill of the weary world."

"The phonograph has proved the theory to be true that waves of sound representing words, music, thunder or whatever you please may be preserved in permanent form, and may be reproduced again and again, and still be preserved for further reproduction centuries hence. This fact if further explored and developed might justify the belief which is already expressed that somewhere and sometime in the universe we will find a rehearsal of all sounds that we have supposed to have died out during all the ages long past. Think of again hearing the cannon booms and shout of victory and despair at Waterloo; think of hearing again the real and original words of Wesley, of Pitt, of Burke, or Savonarola; or better still, of the Savior himself as He walked to Galilee or stood above Jerusalem and plead with men to forsake their wickedness and follow Him. To be sure all this will seem like a flight of fancy to many of our readers, but if human invention enables us to reproduce these words in the manner described above, is it at all impossible or even unlikely that infinite intelligence can and will devise a wondrous phonograph out of whose infallible oracles the varied deeds and words of our lives will hereafter be reviewed?" —*Ram's Horn.*